

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Quite a fuss is being made about ocean racing, two of the fastest steamers having tested their speed very recently. The despatch says that at one time they were not five hundred yards apart, and the correspondent seems to feel horrified that they dared get so close. On my last trip home from England we sailed from Southampton late one Saturday night for Queenstown, where we were to pick up the passengers of a disabled steamer of the same line. During Sunday I was smoking a cigar on the deck when I noticed a big steam collier several miles ahead of us on the larboard side. I amused myself making calculation how far apart we would be when she crossed our bow. The ships rapidly approached each other at right angles, neither giving way a point. I got on the starboard side and half-way back, lest there would be a collision, and we came so close together that our ship cut off the log-line of the collier, and it flew over the bulwarks near where I stood. Those who foolishly ran to the bow of the ship say they were not five yards apart, and as we passed her stern I am positive that we were less than twenty yards from her. It was the most extraordinary piece of maritime recklessness that I ever heard of, and some of those who were accustomed to the handling of ships told me that if the passenger steamer had not given way a few points at the last we would have cut the collier in two like a piece of cheese. With this instance fresh in my mind it does not strike me that ships going in the same direction and five hundred yards apart are as alarmingly close as might appear. However, the practice is an exceedingly dangerous one and some day there will be a big smash unless it is prohibited.

Toronto is under almost as great obligations to the Ontario Jockey Club as to the Industrial Fair committee. Outside of our natural advantages as a place of residence, recreation and business, the events connected with these two institutions bring more money and people to the city than any others. The praises of the Industrial Exhibition have been sung oft and well, but I have noticed that full justice has not yet been done the Ontario Jockey Club. While travelling through some of the county towns the week before the races were advertised to begin, I found car-loads of people who had arranged to come to Toronto to see the races. Those with this expedition in view were not gamblers and toughs, as some people might be quick to allege, but the foremost citizens of the place. Judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, would make a business excuse when arranging their visit so as to take in the races. It struck me that if the Jockey Club made the same extensive arrangements as are made by the Industrial Fair committee, it would not be long before we saw twenty-five or thirty thousand people at a race meeting in one day. Without for a moment disparaging the class of people who attend the Industrial Fair, I am positive that those who come to the races leave four or five times as much money per capita in Toronto as the average Fair-goer. They are generally people of means, liberal in their tendencies, patronize the best hotels, and buy generously for those who are left at home. If we attract a hundred thousand people to Toronto who bring sandwiches in their pockets and buy nothing in the stores, the city is only ahead to the extent of the difference between the gate money and the expenses. The Queen's Plate, I venture to say, is the most attractive event in Canada and it is rapidly becoming the gala day of the year. I have been at the Derby when the lowest estimate of the number present was nine hundred thousand, and at the Grand Prix—the French Derby—when by common consent the figure was put at four hundred and fifty thousand, and in both instances it was generally admitted that the attendance had somewhat fallen off from previous years. Then why should we not have thirty or forty thousand people to see the race for the Queen's Plate? If Torontonians were as united in booming our Jockey Club races as they are in singing the praises of the Industrial Fair, this could be brought about. Some may urge that horse-racing is wicked. Possibly so, but there is not a man in Canada who has ever held the straps over a good horse who does not like a race. At the Industrial Fair they very properly have races, and all the county fairs nowadays are little more than what Artemus Ward called an "agricultural horse trot."

By booming the Ontario Jockey Club's meetings we can advertise Toronto to very great advantage, yet what are the cranks and faddists doing? What do they always do when anything that is likely to help us comes to the front? Why, hold a meeting to try to kill it. This is what we may always expect of them. An agitation has already been set on foot to prevent horse-racing, on the ground that it is cruel and inflicts suffering on the horses. Why, if you let horses run loose in the field they will race with one another and will romp and tear around much more madly than they do on the course. This instinct was implanted by the Creator for some wise purpose, and a race horse, once he has ever entered into competition with another horse, will run till he drops rather than be beaten. Mankind has engaged in tests of endurance and speed since the beginning of the world, and as long as the tests are conducted as humanely and honorably as they are under the supervision of the Ontario Jockey Club, the cruelty-to-animals crowd need not bother themselves making a fuss. In the animal kingdom no creature lives the life of ease or receives the care that a race horse does. He is

blanketed and cared for better than many of the neglected neighbors of the anti-cruelty party, who make more fuss over a horse with a little saddle-gall than they would over a woman with a broken heart or a starving child. Of course there are methods of running a race that inflict considerable punishment on both men and animals, and this should be avoided as much as possible, but unless we are to grow up as the most commonplace, namby-pamby duffers that can be imagined, we must have tests of strength and endurance and fleetness, and as we are having such tests and will have them until the end of the chapter, let us make them as attractive as possible in Toronto and great benefits will accrue to us thereby.

Not only should we appreciate the honorable and enterprising management of the Ontario Jockey Club, but every newspaper in Canada should make mention, and should make proud mention, of the distinguished place achieved by Mr. Seagram. He has spent his money liberally in buying the best horses obtainable anywhere; both in purchasing and breeding horses he is an example to every other Canadian. His success has been marvelous, but thoroughly deserved. Nothing is more noticeable on the track than the universal pleasure it gives the crowd to see one of Seagram's horses win. Though some days he seemed to almost monopolize the big prizes, none of the spectators felt envious of him. When the cry went up, "Seagram's got it again," the saying would follow it immediately, "Well, he deserves it." His jockeys and trainers are liberally treated, and the people know that when he has a horse on the track it will be a square race, and if he got all the prizes the public would simply say, "Let others buy or breed good horses and they will have as good luck as he has." Having done so much to

thereby distracted from meditation and attendance at Sunday school. I can think of no other evils which are caused by an attractive organization passing through the streets. It was pointed out by one of the ministers in the Association that any one of them should be glad to get a chance to preach to the young men, but another reverend gentleman said that "the people looked to them (the Ministerial Association) for an expression of opinion on the subject." Possibly we do; we may look for many things we do not desire or appreciate after we get them. The Association has all along been giving us opinions, some of which hardly harmonize with what we would expect of a body of Christian ministers. When the Rev. Mr. Duff deplors the introduction into the sabbath of the spirit of the Sons of England, the Orange order, the Sons of Scotland and military ardor, as dividing the community into classes and carrying that class feeling right into church worship, he is fighting a result, not a cause, and should seek to check these things at their origin rather than by deprecating parades.

Every strife of the week day has been introduced into or against the laws of Sunday. The clergymen make nearly half of the people of this city walk on Sunday, though in their hearts they would rather ride on street cars. Those who are chosen to preach to societies and that sort of thing when they parade, are always glad to do it, and I am of the opinion that those who made complaint are those who have not been asked to officiate. However, the Association, though it asserted its right to tell us what we should do, declined to issue an edict, and societies and military organizations are still permitted to parade the streets. Did it strike the Association that any motion for a law pro-

new circumstances when an applicant desired to enter the church he would be examined by a physician instead of by the Quarterly Board. Possibly he might have to be examined by both, but it would really be very valuable to a man to be declared sound both spiritually and physically. It would also give the church a very much needed opportunity to enforce their assessments. If a man failed to pay assessment No. 1156 on his life policy they could expel him, and all rights in the gratuity or endowment fund would be lost, together with any hope of advantages hereafter. In this way they would have superior advantages over the old line companies and the mutual insurance societies, who can only threaten the policy-holder and his heirs with the loss of financial benefits, while the church could make it clear that the lapsed brother not only loses his certificate here, but the endowment fund hereafter. By all means let the churches go into the life insurance business; there is an opening for them to make money, and the business might be so profitable that after a while they might be able to pay taxes.

If they make the life insurance business, why not go into the fire insurance business and have an accident fund, and be a guarantee company, and a bank, and a loan society, and an express company, and a temperance hotel organization, and run a livery stable (nothing hired out on Sunday), and a drygoods concern, and a grocery store, and a coal yard, and a gas company, and in fact everything effecting the temporal wants, dangers and necessities of man? Where good and absolutely reliable people are banded together—as in the churches—the risks would be very superior to the ones in which those in the wicked world have an opportunity of joining. We have already reached the point where tem-

which these men placed before themselves that some recognition be made of their efforts of a more enduring sort than a newspaper paragraph that Hon. Frank Smith has made a million, or that W. C. Van Horne is a great railroad man. The most enduring monuments are not built of marble or bronze. The mention of a man's name, which even in the strangely small history of every-day events must be made, has in its connection a reminiscence of that man's career, and to mark him as Sir So-and-so means the running back of the memory of the reader to the event, or the series of events, which caused him to be marked as a superior man in the decade or the generation. As to whether these two titles are justifiable, we have only to ask whether the reader who lives thirty years from now will find sufficient excuse for the nomination of Hon. Frank Smith and W. C. Van Horne as knights. Frank Smith has been a distinguished success. Amongst his co-religionists he stands head and shoulders above all others in this province. Diverge him even of the small singularity of his Roman Catholicism, and he is still a robust, energetic and honest man whose quarrels have been those of an honest man's temper and whose successes have been those of an honest man's brains. There is no man in the province more deserving of the honor of knighthood than Hon. Frank Smith, and if the Queen never dubs a man knight whose character is less open to accusation than that of Hon. Frank Smith, knighthood will be a good and graceful thing and the title will be esteemed not only by the recipient of the favor, but by all the people.

W. C. Van Horne has also been knighted. There may be people who will say that he has not been a Canadian very long. It matters not. W. C. Van Horne has not been anything very long; his rise from messenger boy in a telegraph office has been so rapid, his flight from the lowest to the highest place has been so extraordinarily quick, his administration has been so magnificently strong in the places that he has occupied in Canada, that the man who questions the justice of his title simply endeavors to demolish the whole system of giving a prefix to a man's name, which is as reasonable as, and much more reasonable than giving him a monument after he is dead. In my estimation Mr. Van Horne is without doubt one of the greatest men of this decade on this continent. What his methods may be, how he may pay his dividends, what he does, makes no difference. Next to Grover Cleveland he is the most conspicuous man in America, the most capable man in America, the man who has made the greatest success of the most unpromising scheme; he is the man who has neutralized the prophecies of a hundred politicians; he is the man who has materialized the hundred unrealized chances which were open to others before he took charge. It is a small and mean thing for newspapers to say that he has not been long a Canadian. We can stand another hundred Canadians with the ink scarcely dry on their naturalization papers who are as great as W. C. Van Horne. He is one of the very few men in our country who has a world-wide grasp of what is going on. His eye seems to see not only this continent, but the whole world, when he makes a plan, and to a man who can plan like that should go such honors as we can give or as the Imperial Government can bestow. He has done more to teach us to be large in our ideas and has a wider conception of our opportunities than any man except Sir John A. Macdonald, and in his forgetfulness of geographical boundaries and his seizure of opportunities he is even greater than was our greatest Premier himself.

The Conservative rally in the Pavilion on Wednesday evening was certainly one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic gatherings of that party since the days of Sir John Macdonald, and while all the candidates spoke acceptably and made a good impression, Mr. Meredith's speech was of course the great event of the evening. He spoke with a vigor and eloquence which surprised even his most enthusiastic admirers. I am most anxious to avoid the suspicion of being always anxious to find a club to throw at the clergy, yet his reply to Archbishop Cleary's pastoral letter was one of the most manly and magnificent deliverances that I have ever heard. In his introduction he felt that there was a great deal of fight in the audience, that they wanted him to make his speech as highly spiced as possible, yet everyone was satisfied when he said that he did not propose to meet "vulgarity with vulgarity." His quotation of the Archbishop's name for him, "hungry adventurer," was not studiously dramatic, yet it was the most effective thing I ever heard in a political speech.

"Hungry for what?" he asked. "For office! The gentlemen on the platform will bear me out in saying that for years I have asked for a release from the position I occupy, and it is only my loyalty to my party that has held me where I am." In brief, this was his reply to the charge of being "hungry." As to being an "adventurer," his reply was still more sweeping. As nearly as I can remember his words he said: "The charge of being an adventurer conveys the impression that a man has recently come into your midst whose origin is uncertain and whose aims are possibly improper. I was born in Canada; I have been before you since I was a young man; I have served this country in one public capacity or another for the last twenty years; I was working for this province before the feet of Archbishop Cleary left the green hills of Ireland. I leave it to my fellow-citizens to judge between



MR. WILLIAM LAVIN, TENOR.

MARY HOWE, SOPRANO.

ARMA SENKA, CONTRALTO.

THREE NOTED SINGERS.

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wards the improvement of Canadian horse-flesh—and the selling of horses is and has always been one of our chief industries—would it not be a graceful and well deserved tribute to make him the next president of the Ontario Jockey Club?

No Canadian who watched the Queen's Own marching to the station the night before the Queen's Birthday, on their way to St. Thomas, could have failed to feel a thrill of pride. I know as I watched them I made comparisons between them and all the crack regiments I have seen, and declared to myself there never was a finer body of men. As we all feel this way towards them, it is a most aggravating thing to see the newspapers making so much capital and sensation out of the little incident in St. Thomas which involved the tearing down of the United States flag. We all admit that it was not a pretty thing to do, yet when some of their critics declare that it disgraced the battalion and were not slow to say that the men who did it were tipsy, they are exaggerating what in itself was a trifle. One cannot expect young men trained to love the Union Jack to be very much enamored of any other flag, nor is it unusual for young fellows who are out on a lark to do things which appear reprehensible when read in cold type. No doubt the regiment feels quite willing to buy the United States consul at St. Thomas a new flag. Colonel Hamilton apologized for the incident, and the representative of the United States must have been convinced long ere this that the act was not indicative of any hostile feeling in this country. As far as the Queen's Own are concerned, they need not go into sack-cloth and ashes or feel very horribly cut up, for the city that is so proud of them will remember the incident with that charity which we always exercise in regard to the escapades of those we like. It is a pity that it happened, for it is always a piece of excruciatingly bad taste for a half a dozen young fellows to do a thing for which as many hundred may have to apologize.

Another of Toronto's most attractive features is also threatened with the ban of the Ministerial Association. Some of the clergymen are opposed to the church parades indulged in by societies and military organizations. We are told that very serious evils are connected with these parades. What are they? People turn out and see them and their attention is

hibited street parades would be very difficult to enforce, even if it could be passed? It would inflict unjustifiable hardship upon the Roman Catholics, who often have street parades in which the Host is carried at the head of a procession. It would strike the Salvation Army people in a vital point and prevent many things of the most innocent sort from occurring on this most convenient day of the week for the assembling together of people with a common purpose. It has been demonstrated that the church has a desire, if not the right, to deny people the privilege of riding on a street car on Sunday; if it should be demonstrated that they have a right to deny people the right to walk unless they walk alone, where are we at, so to speak? Is the Ministerial Association not only to protect us from the horrible results of street cars, but to prohibit any two persons walking together, or, if allowed to walk together, to prevent them dressing alike? Possibly in the wise and gentle rule that we are under, two might be permitted to be similarly clothed and to walk side by side, but if two happened behind them dressed in the same manner, the whole tour could be arrested for parading. If four cannot be prevented, four hundred cannot. I should like to see the Ministerial Association adopt such a senseless rule and endeavor to make it become law. For a score of Sundays after the agitation began, Toronto would be paraded as it never was before. We have reached the limit of ministerial domination. All that is needed now to tear down some of the foolish barriers, is an attempt on the part of the clergy to prevent bicycle riding, the parades which have hitherto been sanctified by the object of church-going, piano playing in houses on Sunday, and an edict forbidding children to play on the street or to speak above a whisper in a backyard. There are certainly "evils" connected with all these things, but whether, oh! whether are we drifting if the least possible latitude is not to be allowed the citizen? Coughing in church will probably become a misdemeanor, sneezing something still more heinous, and yawning or snoring a criminal offence.

I am very strongly in favor of the life insurance scheme in connection with church membership, as advocated by a city clergyman not many Sundays ago. It would have two very excellent results. It would bring at once into view the earthly as well as the spiritual advantages of church membership. Under the

perance people have an insurance company of their own; now it seems to me that there is a great opportunity for the lowering of rates and prices should the churches band themselves together, or each church constitute itself a sort of Grange Supply Company for the furnishing of insurance and all the commodities of life. Of course it might interfere with the present business of some of the members, but they would not care for that as long as prices were reduced and greater safety and honesty ensured in a transaction of general business. It strikes me as rather an excellent opportunity to judge of the bona fides of these organizations. The outsider would have an excellent opportunity of judging of the reliability and business ability of a church if he could visit the shoe store of the Presbytery and compare the prices of footwear there with those of the Anglican or Methodist concerns on either side, and it would be of inestimable advantage to the churches if, when taking our coffee in the morning, we were able to state that the article procured from the Baptist grocery was so much superior to that previously had from the Congregational concern. I merely throw out these suggestions as feelers, and it must strike all organizations concerned that there are illimitable opportunities of attracting the ladies by having stores in which the newest styles and the greatest bargains could be obtained. Just think for a moment what really frugal and high-minded mother of a family would stay for a moment in a Methodist church if she could buy cheaper and prettier gowns and lower-priced apparel in a Baptist store, if it were so legislated that only members of the denomination could procure bargains at the emporiums of each. If the churches do not extend themselves in the directions thus feebly outlined in a thoroughly uninspired way, would it not be just as well for them to keep out of business altogether?

Sir Frank Smith and Sir William C. Van Horne are gentlemen whom we will all be glad to know if they will condescend to know us under their new titles. Both men exemplify the fact that in this new world men may rise from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest commercially. Though we all knew this and have esteemed them both because they have had the enormous and persistent energy which lifts a man's labor into the atmosphere of ambition and success, yet it is essential to the permanency of the standards

us." I think this answer is great and powerful. Mr. Meredith has sacrificed more than any other man in this country in order to maintain his pure and honorable standard of public life. If any man, whether it be a clergyman or an ordinary stump-speaker, be permitted to assail a self-sacrificing and patriotic leader in the abusive terms which were used by Archbishop Cleary and remain unrebuked, we can scarcely hope for purity and noble-natured advocacy of any public cause. If our public men can be blasted by the breath of such invective, we may expect only such men to be in Provincial politics as are willing to endure for the sake of the small stipend guaranteed to the most successful, this sort of talk, and only such low and hardened natures as would be rejected by the ordinary business man as unfit to be confidential clerk or to be an employee of any kind will be our representatives.

On every hand Mr. Meredith's speech was pronounced the finest political effort ever made in Toronto, and even his lukewarm friends were stimulated into fervent effort by the manliness and vigor of his statements. In referring to the ladies, who crowded the galleries, he furnished, without probably intending it to be such, the most distinguished proof of his candor and honesty by telling them that he was not a supporter of the franchise of women, that he believed that their duty and their influence should be confined to the bounds of home and the sphere which is so ineffably superior to that of politics, their influence over home and child-life. Altogether the Conservatives of Toronto have reason to be proud of the meeting on Wednesday night.

DON.

Social and Personal.

THE latter half of last week saw Toronto divided against itself, for there were two sets in society during the race meet, the people who believe in the sport of kings and the people who condemn it as contrary to the dictates of humanity. For my part I rather envy a race horse the good time he has before the race, and after it too, for that matter. Longfellow's philosophical reflection that "Into each life some rain must fall" was verified for the present generation on those cloudy race days, the 24th and 25th, and enough rain fell to give each life its quota. But it was amazing to see the way Toronto men and women turned out and the fine show they made on Queen's Plate day, which fell, appropriately enough, on the 24th this year. Though many a fair dame arrived wrapped in waterproof and extinguished by an ample umbrella, as soon as she gained the shelter of the grand stand she emerged from her rossamer like a butterfly from a cocoon, and by four o'clock that unromantic shelter looked like a conservatory, bright with many a flower-crowned hat and smart costume. Miss Marjorie Campbell, whose sweet face carries its own sunshine, wore a plain affair of a sailor hat and dark frock; Miss Hodgins, a very smart tailor-made gown and hat; Mrs. Fiske of Montreal was in a black gown, toque and veil, the bodice prettily trimmed with accordion chiffon; Mrs. John Cawthra wore an elegant dress of black satin with vest of fine white lace and insertion; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald was in a dark gown, with a pretty pink vest and a black lace hat with pink flowers; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, upon whom I hear Dame Fortune has lately bestowed a handsome legacy, was exquisitely dressed in silvery satin brocade with black, a hat of black lace and mauve flowers, and a dainty bouquet of violets and lilies-of-the-valley; the Misses Thistle of Montreal wore respectively an apple-green silk with moss-green velvet bretelles, with small jet and pink bonnet, and a pretty figured silk with fall of Irish gaiter and chip hat; Miss Macrae of Montreal, who is the guest of Mrs. Villiers Sankey, looked remarkably bright and piquant in a sombre gown of black and picture hat with black fan-bows of wired lace; Mrs. Montzambert of Ottawa, Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Sankey, three bright and handsome sisters, whose former name of the beautiful Miss Pontons is amply descriptive; Mrs. Barwick, in a smart little gown and hat; Mrs. Machray, very daintily gowned and coiffed; Miss Aeteline Bulton, in a handsome blue and silver white brocade; Miss Bunting and Miss Rordan, in pretty tailor suits; Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Beatty, as usual, perfectly gowned; Mrs. Kerr Osborne wore a dark tailor-made gown with coat and white sailor hat, and looked a picture. The Hendrie box was a symphony in black and white, Miss Hendrie's black gown with white and black braided front being very chic. The new Beardmore coach was the cynosure of all eyes, as it came dashing up the track on Thursday. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Fiske, and one or two others were of Mr. Beardmore's party. A couple of four-in-hands, driven by Mr. Hendrie and Colonel Otter, were soon splashing through the mud and discharging their smart occupants close by the Judge's stand. Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Captain Lessard and Mr. Laurie were of the Fort party. Colonel and Mrs. Wilson arrived in good time. Mrs. Wilson wore a checked black and white tweed and black hat. All these were Queen Plate costumes, but on Friday there were many changes rung, and some rueful looks when the rain came on. Saturday was so sweetly bright and sunny that a couple of Worth gowns made their appearance. I heard of a couple more which should have graced the race meet on May 24, but their owners decided not to waste their effect on such a shockingly wet day. By the way, I was much surprised, in view of the sentiments expressed by the Humane Society, to receive from a smart society dame as her reason for not attending the races that she would not keep her horses out in the wet. Surely the patrons of race meets need no compulsion to make them kind to animals, when a Paris gown remains unworn that horses may be housed!

Race week closed on Tuesday with some good racing, but a rather slim attendance, the unseasonably chilly weather being quite past endurance by our more sensitive women. On Monday, however, some smart people were present, and some very handsome gowns were displayed for a season. Mrs. Dawson and her daughters occupied a prominent box, the matron wrapped snugly in a handsome crimson and black brocade cloak trimmed with fur, the young ladies in trim and effective cloth gowns; Mrs. Seider was a pretty figure in emerald cloth, with a dashing little bonnet worn far back on her pretty coiffure; the Misses Seymour, radiant and sweet-voiced as of old; Miss Gussie Hodgins in tan cloth with black braiding; Mrs. Blackstock, wrapped in a warm dark coat; Miss May Walker, in vicar rose silk with white dot and large black hat with yellow roses; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, wearing a pretty gown and a delightful little fancy straw hat, with wild roses and one vagrant streamer of rose pink ribbon hanging down behind her left ear; the Misses Beatty, Miss Murphy, a beautiful visitor for the time of holiday-making; Miss Macbeth of London wore a pretty cadet blue cloak and black gauze bonnet; Mrs. Duggan, looking very sweet and taking much interest in the races; Miss McLean, who is visiting Mrs. Walter Andrews, wore a white and black hat and was, very charmingly gowned in gray crepon and purple velvet; Miss Milligan, in a navy blue tailor suit, her bright sister, Miss Ida, in pale gray with white lace, looking very well after her happy visit to New York; Mrs. Hilton wore a smart scarlet vest with navy blue gown; Misses Dora and Madge Gooderham, and Misses Mabel and Elina Lee, all four dearly loving a horse and a good race, the Misses Mackenzie, Messrs. MacKenzie, Raymond and Grantham, Miss Scales in her pretty Pinafore suit of white and pale blue; Mr. and Mrs. Everett, the center of the merriest group in the boxes, while down on the turf were: Miss Beatty, Miss Rordan, Mr. and Miss Small, Miss Arthurs, Miss Miller, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. H. Macdonald, Mr. Nordheimer, and hosts of other men and women who give ton to the gatherings in our midst. Among the lucky winners were several society men and women, who pocketed their cash with much coolness and plunged recklessly to lose, the next half hour. A good deal of warm discussion has been on the tapis for the past fortnight, consequent upon a couple of sermons preached by leading clergymen against the attendance at the race meet, to one of whom, at least, the climatic vagaries of the past ten days have been the subject of much quiet jubilation.

The five days' sport was fittingly closed by a most delightful dance at Yeadon Hall given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra for their son, Mr. Victor Cawthra. Everyone who knows this elegant home can imagine the spacious hall with its tapestried walls, lofty ceiling and inlaid floors, over which glided a representative assembly of beautiful girls and gallant men to the merry music of Corlett's Quadrille Band. Mrs. Cawthra received in the center drawing-room, assisted by Mrs. John Cawthra, and the dancers had free swing in the long eastern salon as well as in the hall. It was a young people's dance, very few married people being present. Among the guests were: Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Gussie and Mrs. Percy Hodgins, Mrs. George Tate Blackstock and her guest, Miss Rose Patterson, Mr. S. and Miss Small, the Misses Dawson, Gzowski, Montzambert, Thorburn, Walde, Brouse, who looked extremely chic in a charming white frock; the Misses Gooderham of Maple Croft, Miss Amy Beatty, Miss Mortimer Clarke, Miss May Walker, Miss Ada Arthurs and Miss Miller of Buffalo, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Miss Rordan, Miss Parsons, the Misses Thompson, Dr. Meyers, Dr. Temple, Messrs. Stimson, Hart, Burritt, Thomas, Dean Baker, Professor Mavor, Mr. Eustace Smith, Mr. John Thompson (a son of Sir John Thompson), Messrs. and Miss Boulton, Mr. and Miss Griffin of Ottawa and a number of the visitors to the city this week. From the Stanley Barracks came: Mrs. Buchanan, Capt. Lessard, Messrs. Panet, McLean of Penycross, and several others. Supper was informally served during the entire evening, which, though somewhat of an impromptu, and only bidding the guests from nine to twelve o'clock, proved to be so very delightful in the realization that no decided move to adjourn was made until some time after one. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra always devote themselves entirely to their guests, and as a result their dances and teas are enjoyed to the utmost by everyone. Had the temperature been as one might reasonably have expected, another charm would have been added by the promenade and tele-a-tele corners on the encircling veranda, which was prettily arranged and decorated with festoons of lanterns. However, several brief scampers in the cool night, for a breath of air after the festive two-step, were all the careful host allowed. By the way, a Highland schottische was very prettily danced by several light-footed men and maidens, to the delight of the onlookers.

A brilliant dance was given by Mrs. Kerr Osborne in her lovely home on Clover Hill on the evening of May 25. A number of visitors in the city for race week were among the guests, both ladies and gentlemen, and the affair was unusually bright and charming. The toilettes, from the elegant white satin gown of the hostess with its falls of filmy lace to the meek little frock of the most innocent debutante, were becoming and beautiful. It was eminently a young people's dance, very few married people being present. Those who were, being dancing people, had their cards as speedily filled as their unmarried rivals. The whole affair went with a swing and vim such as might be expected from a combination of excellent music, handsome salons, cosy sitting-out corners and plenty of youth and beauty. A multiplicity of engagements, dinners, theater parties, etc., kept some of the guests late and new-comers kept arriving until nearly midnight. The billiard-room was given up to the dancers, and the inviting challenge of the Washington Post and High School Cadets' two-steps, alternated with some very sweet new airs, to which everyone danced to

their hearts' content. The Misses Miller of Buffalo, with Miss Arthurs; Miss Griffin of Montreal, who, with Miss Mills of Hamilton, is visiting at Yeadon Hall; Miss Henderson of Kingston, Miss Rowand of Quebec, the Misses Street, Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Mr. Smith of British Columbia and Mr. McFee of London, England, were a few of the strangers who were among Mrs. Osborne's many smart guests. Mr. Osborne, Jr., was home from the Military College on leave and wore his scarlet. A bevy of belles were: Miss Rordan, Miss Bunting, Miss Chadwick, Miss Parsons, Miss Walde and Miss Seymour. The last named demoiselle was warmly welcomed by many friends on her arrival from Montreal last week.

Miss Katie Stevenson left for Hamilton last Saturday, where she will visit until after the Hamilton race meet.

Mrs. Willie Baines' tea was a very successful event in spite of the wretched weather. Mrs. Baldwin's friends also braved the storm and enjoyed a bright afternoon. A downpour of rain generally wrecks a tea, but people had possibly become hardened by several days of dampness and turned out well.

Mr. Massey, whose generous gift to Toronto citizens has put his name into everyone's mouth just now, has been quite ill, but is now mending rapidly. I hope he may be quite well before the opening of the Music Hall.

A sweet little race bonnet was composed of a wreath of flowering almonds, and not another thing.

Major Buchan has gone to Aldershot for a course of several months.

The Misses Jones left on Friday for a visit with friends in New York.

Mrs. Ross attended the races with Mrs. J. G. Grace on Thursday.

A garment which attracted much attention during race meet was worn by a member of the sterner sex. It was a nobby low-skirted coat, and, as a lady informed me in awe-struck tones, the buttons cost a sovereign each!

A very jolly party is arranged to attend the Hamilton race meet next week. Let us all hope for fine weather.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ball of Chatham have been making a short visit in Toronto.

Miss Tena Gunn of Rosedale road has just returned from a trip to Galveston, Texas.

Miss Boyle, daughter of Mr. Arthur Boyle of Dunnville, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. Wilson, 482 Ontario street.

The ladies of Cecil street church gave a reception on Thursday evening to their pastor, Rev. W. J. Lhaman, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. McCullough, 172 Spadina avenue.

Major and Mrs. Foster entertained a dinner party at their residence on Beverley street on Tuesday of last week, and Mrs. Foster gives a tea on Wednesday next.

Miss Langmuir's wedding, which takes place at St. Andrew's church this afternoon at two o'clock, will be the society event par excellence of the closing week. The four bridesmaids, Miss Porter, the groom's sister, Miss Chassee Langmuir, Miss Gussie Hodgins, and Miss Thorburn, will wear white India silk frocks, with sashes of pale green and pink respectively. The bride's gown, in which her clear fair beauty will be meetly set off, is of white satin, lustrous and shimmering, a proper garb for this queen of the rosebud garden of girls. That all earth's happiness may be hers will form the wish of a host of friends who can ill spare Miss Langmuir from their circle.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr arrived at the Woodbine a cheval. Mrs. Kerr charmingly becomes her habit, and, as everyone knows, is a most graceful and steady horsewoman.

Mrs. McMurdo, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Kingmill, returns to Virginia on Tuesday.

The two sons of the Duke of Buccleugh, Lords Henry and Herbert Scott, were in town on Tuesday. It was hoped they would stay over for the Cawthra dance, but their arrangements could not be altered to enable them to do so.

I was mistaken in recognising a visitor to the tournament last week as Mrs. Septimus Denison of London. That lady is, I am told, now in England, while the Major is en garcon at the Military College in London.

A dinner was given by Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski at The Hall on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. Mont Lowndes is spending a couple of weeks in Elmira, N.Y., as the guest of Miss Laura Weyer.

The engagement is announced of Major William Houghton of the 40th Regiment, and Anastasia, daughter of the late Dr. Houghton of the Royal Navy, cousins of the Misses Houghton of Harbord street.

Mr. Lyon, grandson of Chief Justice Strong of Ottawa, is a guest at 162 McCaul street.

Mrs. Cockburn had a small dinner on Friday of last week and a very beautiful one on Tuesday, at which covers were laid for eighteen.

Mrs. Dawson gave a delightful luncheon on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Cawthra entertained at dinner on Monday.

Saturday dinners were given at Chudleigh, and by Mrs. Fred Cox of Sherbourne street and Mrs. Drynan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi entertained at dinner on Monday evening.

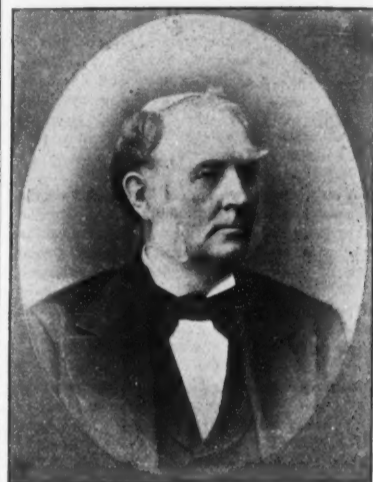
I caught a glimpse of Mrs. S. Nordheimer on Monday afternoon, reclining in her handsome carriage and looking very sweet and pensive in her mourning garments. Everyone has truly missed this lady from society since,

in early winter, she retired on the loss of her mother.

Mrs. G. Tate Blackstock attended the races on Monday, and was, as usual, the bright and animated center of a merry circle. I believe Mrs. Blackstock has not been very strong recently, though no one suspects an ailment, even the fashionable migraine, when one is always eager, smiling and full of vim in this bright woman's fashion.

Mrs. Porteous and Mrs. Ross left on Saturday. They have been staying with Mrs. Grace for the races. In fact, this popular hostess has kept open house and has been over-run with guests, who were all cordially welcomed by her and her genial husband.

Our handsome new-made knight, Sir Frank Smith, has kindly allowed me to insert his picture this week. Toronto seems blessed in being possessed of fine-looking men to represent her abroad and at home. I heartily congratulate Sir Frank and Lady Smith on their new honors, and only voice the satisfaction of everyone in so doing. The sterling kindness and goodness of the master and mistress of the delightful old home on Bloor street east are well known, and may they live long to wear their titles.



Sir Frank Smith.

One of the smartest festivities of race week was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Jones at Benvenuto on Monday evening. Covers were laid for sixteen, and the table, as is the rule at Benvenuto dinners, was most charmingly decorated, the design being in pink roses and similar.

A series of dinners, at which I believe Mrs. Fiske, nee Beardmore, was the guest of honor, were given last week. On Thursday Chudleigh was the scene of such a gathering. On Friday Mrs. G. Tate Blackstock had a dinner at the Cedars.

Mrs. Hoyle gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday to a number of friends.

Miss Patterson and the ladies of St. Hilda's College were at home on Tuesday afternoon, and a number of nice people wended their way to Shaw street and enjoyed the hospitality of the Principal and her friends. Mrs. Sweatman and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Montzambert, the Misses Montzambert, Mrs. Rothwell of Kingston, Mrs. Baker, Miss Maynard, Fraulen Hoffman, the Misses Jopling, Provost Body and Professor Bedford-Jones were a few of the guests. Tea was appetizingly served and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

A holiday dinner was given on the 24th by Mr. and Mrs. D. Miller of Bloor street.

Mrs. Riddell of Bond street gave a dinner party on May 25.

Mrs. Rutherford of Jarvis street also entertained at dinner on Friday of last week.

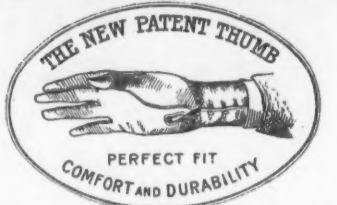
A dinner was given by Mrs. Rordan of the Queen's Park on Queen's birthday.

Mrs. Harcourt of St. Vincent street gave a couple of luncheons on the Queen's birthday and on Tuesday of this week.

Miss Cuvillier of Montreal is the guest of her niece, Mrs. J. J. Foy of Isabella street.

Mrs. T. C. Stegmann of Carlton street, whose sudden illness a short time ago caused her friends anxiety, is convalescent.

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The Courvoisier Patent Thumb Glove fits better, wears longer than any other style of cut.

Special reduction for this week:
Fancy Cuff Gloves, worth \$1.50, for \$1.
4-bt. Fancy Stitched Bonjour, worth \$1.50, for \$1.
4-bt. Felice Gloves, worth \$1.35, for 75c.
Special line 4-bt. Kid Gloves for 50c.

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Ladies' Tailors and Costumers

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In the Open Air.



THE Toronto Cricket Club may be said to have opened its season on Saturday by sustaining a defeat at the hands of Rosedale, its annual game with Trinity on the Queen's Birthday having been prevented by the down-pour of rain which put a damper on so many events. The Toronto Club is usually the last in the city to open the season, but when it does commence it makes up for lost time. It plays more all-day games and a smaller percentage of those unsatisfying half-day events, beginning about three p.m. and ending at dusk, than any other city club. It is fortunate in having in its membership a lot of players enjoying leisure, not nailed hopelessly to office desks, but free to break away when occasion requires. The 'Varsity students also afford a strong reserve, and with Saunders, Goldingham, Jones and Laing as a nucleus, a strong eleven may always be had. In the match against Rosedale, however, the team did not come off. Laing scored 30 and D. Saunders 15, these being the only scores made, while for Rosedale Flakett made 30, Lyall 27, Lyon 26 and Hoskins 11. Rosedale has been weak in bowling up to date, but Howard's performance in this match (5 wickets for 10 runs) indicates that a new star has arisen. McLaughlin secured 4 Rosedale wickets for 7 runs.

Bristowe of Ottawa scored 43 against Montreal on May 24.

Trinity is the only city club that has done anything to be proud of this season. It has not yet suffered defeat. Its last performance was the smothering of Upper Canada by an innings and 13 runs. None of the vanquished reached double figures, while Wadsworth and Bedford-Jones for the victors made 25 and 20 respectively. The bowling of Wadsworth, Rogers, Douglas and Bedford-Jones takes place among the wet-weather phenomena which the papers are recording just now. Walde also bowled well for U.C.C.

Trinity College school has been heard from, it having defeated Peterboro' by an innings and 10 runs on Saturday. Sam Ray and Rogers, that wonderful pair who pounded the hearts out of bowlers so regularly four or five years ago, seem to have emerged from the cave whither they last year retired, but they did not do anything characteristic. Gamble and Watson made 16 and 18 respectively for the school. From the present outlook I judge that Trinity College school should defeat U. C. C. this year.

The Bishop Ridley eleven suffered defeat at Parkdale on Saturday in an all-day match. The ground was soft and became muddy after an hour's play. The home team scored 35 and 43, and the visitors 18 and 39. The best batting of the day was done by A. G. Chambers, he making 15 and 13 in pretty style. J. E. Hall scored 14 and 3, and E. J. Fawke 0 and 11. For the losers Attewell (pro.) scored 11 and 3, Marks 2 and 12, and Benson 0 and 13 not out. In bowling C. Leigh got 5 wickets for 8 runs, A. G. Chambers 6 for 9, and J. T. Clark 6 for 17. Attewell got 9 for 34, and Marks 9 for 29.

The game on Saturday between Parkdale and East Toronto was called off owing to the unfitness of the wicket. Barrie was to have played at Parkdale on May 24, but on account of the weather did not put in an appearance. On the same day there was to have been a tournament at Malvern, but the rain caused a postponement of the event. Teams were present from Pickering, Scarborough, Parkdale and Norway.

Toronto North End C.C. journeyed to the Junction on Saturday, and the local club placed a capital eleven in the field, who easily defeated the visitors.

Last week I announced that Warwickshire had been promoted to the first-class rank of English counties, and Canadian "Bruins" will be glad to know that their old county, in its advancement in the cricketing world, is giving a very satisfactory account of itself. It commenced by defeating Notts by 6 wickets, although this result was probably due to the fact that several young "pros" tried by Notts did not prove at all formidable. Warwickshire's second match was at the Oval against Surrey, which county she also defeated, with 7 wickets standing to her credit. Martin, a Kent professional bowler, has been doing big things. Playing for the M. C. C. against

Notts, he took 10 wickets for 30 runs, and for the same club against Sussex 11 wickets for 28. Notts appears to be particularly unfortunate so far. Apart from the defeat recorded above, the M.C.C. beat them the other day by eight wickets; Lord Hawk scored 47 not out for the club. The Cambridge Seniors' match ended in a draw but was responsible for some tall scoring, one side making 260 and 439 and the other 529 and 29 for no wickets. Surrey has defeated Lancashire by an innings and 40 runs. Yet another victory for Warwickshire. This time she vanquished Kent by eight wickets, the hop county making a bad opening. Lancashire made a very poor show against Yorkshire, being defeated by an innings and four runs; the "glorious uncertainty" of cricket was shown when eight of Lancashire's best batsmen went out for "ducks." W. G. Grace has recovered his old form, and, due in a great measure to his splendid play, Gloucestershire has secured an easy victory over Sussex. Surrey has beaten Notts by an innings and nine runs, and Middlesex made easy work of Somersetshire, defeating the latter county by 10 wickets; no tall scores were made. A. E. Stoddart has decided to take a team to Australia, and a good representative eleven will sail on Sept. 21.

A FEW "DON'TS" FOR YOUNG CRICKETERS.

Don't forget to be on time. Nothing shows worse form on the part of a cricketer than to be late in putting in an appearance at a match.

Don't keep the field waiting when it is your turn to go in to bat. Be ready to go in as soon as the preceding wicket falls.

Don't take the wrong bat, necessitating your return to change it when you are half way to the wicket.

Don't, when taking your guard, hold your bat in such a fashion that the umpire has a difficulty in telling you "what you are."

Don't get into the stupid practice of beating the pitch unless there is real necessity for it; have some respect for the feelings of the ground man.

Don't "kick" at the order of going in. Give your captain credit for being as good a judge in this matter as yourself.

Don't lose your temper when given out "l.b.w." At all times respect the decision of the umpire and leave the wicket like a man, without grumbling.

Don't tire your friends by telling them that the ball by which you were bowled was "a very easy one," and that if you had only done so-and-so you would not have been out. Everybody knows that.

Don't swear, insubordinately or otherwise, if the captain doesn't give you just that position in the field which you think you should have.

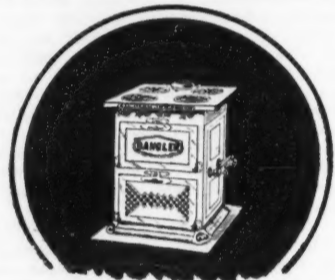
Don't scowl.

Don't try to catch a ball with one hand. You have been given two; use them.

Don't, when standing at short leg, talk to the umpire. To do his work properly his attention should be concentrated upon the game.

Don't write the captain down an ear because he does not put you on bowling.

Don't prove yourself unworthy of your selection by losing your head should you be "no balled."



"DANGLER" Gas Stoves

They everywhere give the most perfect satisfaction.

They are strong and handsomely made, have large asbestos lined ovens and the most improved and economical burners.

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SIMPSON'S
Fruit, Vegetable, Fish, Game
Poultry Market
Phone 3445 756 & 758 YONGE ST.

Don't, after being hit for three fours in succession, feel aggrieved if the captain tosses the ball to another bowler. Don't get angry because when bowling well without any wickets a change is deemed advisable by the captain. Remember that a change under these circumstances is often most beneficial.

Don't, if you are a captain, take advantage of your position. Remember that a captain frequently bowls a game away.

Don't forget at all times, and under all conditions, to keep your temper when in the field. Lao Tzu.

Primus—Your theory about moral suasion with children is pretty enough, but have you ever known it to work?

Secundus—Why, yes; I've never had to strike a child of mine save in self-defence.—Judge.

Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)—Say, mister, have yer got enny suggestions ter make ter a feller wot ain't able ter raise er dime ter git shaved with?

Grumble (passing on)—Yes; raise whiskers. —Buffalo Courier.

Maude—Why don't Laura marry Dick Hobson? I thought she liked him. Clara—She does, but she says it shall never be said of her that she was Hobson's choice. —New York World.

Mr. Richfello—What a peachy complexion Miss Beaud has!

Rival belle—You do her injustice, really, Mr. Richfello. Her face isn't so very fuzzy—except on her upper lip. —N. Y. Weekly.

"Did you see Miss Passe as Lady Macbeth?" "Yes—quite a performance. Simply brought down the house when she cried: 'Out, damned spot! out, I say!'" —Truth.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

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Black All-wool Cloth Jackets, full skirt, full sleeve, shoulder caps, were \$7.75, now \$4.
Costume, Blouse and Navy Serge, trimmed real mohair braid, were \$10, now \$5.75.
All-wool Cloth Coats, full skirt, full sleeve, were \$8.50, now \$4.
Pretty and Stylish Capes, all colors, were \$3, now \$1. This season's capes, were \$3.50 and \$4, now \$2.25.

Every Garment Marked
IN
Plain Figures

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MONREITH HOUSE TORONTO
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that's what we are. We cure that old tired look, that faded, spiritless appearance. Cleaning will do it—sometimes it takes Dyeing—either one we do in first-class style and up to date.

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475 and 1267 Queen Street West
277 Queen Street East TORONTO, ONT.

BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S.

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LADIES, USE MAGIC CURLING FLUID. Thousands know the value of this article for keeping the Rings in curl in summer. The effect is delightful. Price 25c.; ask your druggist or manufacturer.

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Evening Dresses and Trousseaux a specialty.

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Ladies about to purchase their SUMMER MILLINERY can find all the newest patterns now showing by the leading houses in NEW YORK and LONDON, while the prices will compare favorably with any in the city. CORRECT STYLES, fine materials, low prices.

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MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

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It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other corseting material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal stripped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.

The steels (or stays) are inserted in separate pockets in the fabric, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

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A LEGEND OF ELK RIVER.

BY TOBE HODGE.

Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

"I wuz borned in that cabin thar. The old un wuz burned down just afore my time, but I mind fayther goin' when he was an ole man a diggin' fer to see if he could find any sign uv the two children that wuz burned in it, an' uv us goin' an' leadin' him away. Thar wuz some uv the charred, burnt wood thar then. The ole folks come from east uv the mountains in ole Vargiony, God's kentry, and settled yere long with the carpenters. They hed a hard time uv it, but the wust wuz the red devil. Many a tale the ole man hed telled me uv 'em, an' how he fit 'em, an' followed 'em for murderin' his children an' burnin' him out. I naver seen none uv 'em livin' Injuns. I'm rale put out 'bout that. I p'intedly wanted to shoot

Emmen by name, an' I felt wuss nor a dog barkin' at the moon.

"One day I jist p'intedly couldn't stan' it no longer, nohow. I got my senses in a bunch an' I agreed to myself this way. Sol, you foot it straight ex your legs 'ill carry you to Uals fayther's cabin, an' face Uals square an' honest like, an' ef she gives you your death blow, take it like a man; you can't feel no wuss. An' I gathered myself up out of the suple heap I wuz in an' off I went, stiff ex ef I'd swallowed the clothes-prop. 'Twan't over 'bout a mile to where Uals lived, right yander through the pint on the mountain; that's the cabin standin' thar yet, the one with the posies hangin' over



"Sis Young wouldn't let go her ketch on me."

one; I'd like to draw a bead on one afore I die, for the ole man's sake.

"I lived yere jist like they did, huntin' an' fithin' an' plantin' a little corn an' jinen' round home. I never had no larnin', but I gets the turkeys an' hogs at shootin' matches hereabouts now in spite uv their book larnin'. None uv 'em kin pint a rifle an' keep her from wabblin' like I ken.

"There wuz a hull lot uv us, seventeen boys an' girls, big an' stout, all uv 'em. Thar weren't much differ atween the boys an' the girls, 'ceptin' the flammery on the hunters' skirts an' leggins; the gals nat'rally gits it on 'em. Thar all gone now. I wuz the baby. We used to hev lots of liveliness in them days, when the neighbors 'ud git together for a bean stringin' or a sugar bilin', or a sass makin' or a log rollin'. As I grewed along I wuz powerful fond uv dancin', uv sparkin', an' soft-like on the women. Thar wuz one—thar wuz one—that's p'intedly good terbaccer uv yourn. Thar wuz one—it wuz seventy-four year agone. I kin see her jist as well now standin' afore me, purty all over, sound ex a colt, an' ex quick on jumpin' ex a deer, with a way—a soft way of lookin' out of her eyes at me. I wouldn't hev minded snake bit nor tooth misery no more nor skeeter bites whenever them eyes of her'n wuz turned onto me. She had a skittish way with me. Somehow we wuz allus together—no knowin' how—but jist let me look solemn or earnest, or go to foolin', an' she weren't thar—she wuz laughin' somewhar else, an' I wuz feelin' simple as a feller cotched kiasin'. I couldn't keep away from her no more nor I'd give up trackin' a bar, an' darned ef she didn't doubt on me wust kind. One day I'd think I hed her an' the next I wuz 'way furdur yander behind, an' she jist laughin' an' coxin', an' foolin' me, an' purrin' soft and low like—like a cat rubbin' agin you. I wuz twenty then, an' gettin' jined in them days meat jist a standin' up an' havin' it said, an' livin' on where you wuz. I'd a axed her in a minute of she stood still long 'nough, an' I could hev got a scold on the right words while she wuz standin', but somehow or 'other they wouldn't come. I could git 'em all by heart when she wuzn't nigh, but I'd disremember 'em agin soon's I'd sot my eyes on her. I got to sittin' round lookin' ex solemn an' simple ex a licked rooster.

"Miss—Uals Jeems—I like to hev forgot to tell you her name, I'm so used to sayin' it to myself like, were only sixteen year old, but she were done flashed an' put up to stand. She had the same joky, laughin' way with all the fellers, 'cept the purrin' and standin' close like, an' thar wuzn't one uv them but 'ud a liked to hev kep' company with her, but she wouldn't 'low it. I got kinder crooked an' jealous, an' big head with her, for she woudn't stan', an' it kep' me busy makin' misery for myself. I lets on to drop her an' take up with Sis Young, thinkin' I'd fetch Uals to a quiet; but Lor' bless you! she only got more skittish, an' I wuz in a bit uv a fix, fer Sis Young were one uv the standin' kind, an' she wouldn't let go her ketch on me. I wuz gettin' wuss an' wuss, fer I wuz gettin' furdur off Uals than nigher to her; fool like, I wuz goin' back'ard 'stead uv forrard.

"Sis Young wuz a nice gal an' good-lookin', an' didn't go squirmin' about an' puttin' on airs ex some does when you sittin' 'longside uv 'em. I liked her well 'nough, but no tech to Uals; but she thought a power of me. Her an' Uals wuz great fren's, thick ex young possums. Whatever I telled Sis she'd tell Uals; an' I made a bigger fool of myself than ever telled Sis things—cunnen like—thet I wanted her to tell Uals. Uals she 'gan ter keep company with another feller, Arch

the fence. I reckon I footed nigh onto ten mile afore I got thar, an' my heart wuz thumpin' like a flax break. I seed Uals a right-smart step from the cabin pickin' dewberries. I mind takin' up my belt a hitch an' takin' in wind, an' I walked straight up behind her, an' I sez, purt ex I could, 'Howdu, Uals?' An' she looked up quick afore she knowed it, I reckon, an' I seed she wuz cryin'. I hed never seed her cry afore. I fotched my rifle down an' give it a sling, an' jerked off my squel-skin cap to wipe her face with, an' felt jist ex ef I couldn't do nothin' an' didn't know how to begin. I wuz simmerin' over everywhar. I heard her say, quiet like, 'Howdu, Sol?' an' then she jumped an' dropped her berries an' ran for the cabin like a streak, all humpety up, an' her apron to her face. I jist stood lookin' arter her, an' it 'peared like I hed been kicked by somethin'. But I minded what I come for, so I straightens up, an' yells



"Howdu, Uals."

loud ex I could arter her, 'I keers for you, Uals, an' I don't keer for Sis Young!' but the wind wuz blowin' agin me. An' inter the cabin she went without stoppin'. I wuz so sot on, I left my rifle layin' thar an' started home.

"Goen 'long, I jined thinkin' maybe Arch Emmen mought hev treated her bad, an' all the mad that wuz in me biled right up ex I thought over it, an' I wheels right roun' for where I knowed Arch wuz riven out some clapboards, to tell him an' lick him. It kep' gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' afore I got thar I thought I'd bust; an' when I got thar there wuz no sign uv him. It were gettin' dark an' I went back fer me rifle, thinkin' maybe Uals mought

be about whar the berries wuz; but the berries wuz lyen roun' scattered, an' no Uals thar. I sot down by 'em, an'—an'—I mind cryen. The wind wuz agin me, an' everything.

"That were the June time uv the year. Mother an' the gals had, weaved a lot of hum-spun cloth in the winter months, an' all the folks 'round about were comin' to our cabin the next night to full it. I don't reckon you know what fullen cloth wuz in them days. I knowed Uals 'ud be there 'long with 't'other uns, an' Sis Young, an' the hull on 'em. That day wuz ex long ez a buryen sarmen. When early candle light come, 'long come the folks an' Uals; but she come by herself, an' I seed Arch Emmen comin' 'long arter her, lookin' like he'd been sot on, and black as soft coal. I kinder cheered up at seein' it. Uals looked at me smilin', an' when she hung up her bonnet on a peg she come purrin' like she used to, an' wuz standin' close up to me at the chimney corner where the water wuz gitten hot in the big kittle for the fullen. I mind it felt ex good ex goin' to sleep on the sunny side uv a tree—it were so warmen an' restin'. She wuz lookin' down inter the fire, an' I dunno whether hit were the fire or no, but the leetle ear that wuz on my side, an' the cheek that was nighest me, wuz red as sang-berris. She said, low like, so's nobody but me could hear her: 'Sol, I treated you mean yesterday, but I didn't go to do it; I couldn't keep from it. Come over to-morrow an' see my tame coon.' I'd a p'intedly gone then an' thar ef she'd had a wild rattler, an' I sez, 'Uals—I felt mighty big an' strong, an' I wuzn't keeren who heard me. Thinks I now's the time—I say Uals—an' she jist give a laugh like the tinklen uv a cow bell away up a holler, an' scooted for whar the gals wuz standin' lookin' on quiet, ex they allus does afore things begins. I turned roun', an' here wuz Arch lookin' at me, an' thar wuzn't no good in his looks. I jist give it back to him, as we weren't fren's no more.

"The fun 'gan ter begin, fer fullen is fun, ef the water hain't too hot an' thar hain't too much diviltry in the gals. The women folk hustled about an' piled the hum-spun cloth in the middle uv the cabin on the floor, all loosened up an' hugged inter bundles, an' sot the cheers 'round it in a ring. The boys twisted a rope uv paw-paw bark an' put it clar 'round the cheer backs to keep 'em from slippin' out, an' in a ring like; an' then they handed thar moccasins an' hitched up thar leggins, those ex had 'em on, an' jumped clar over the backs uv the cheers, an' sat down an' jined kickin' the pile, while the gals poured on the hot water that wuz yet in the big kittles, out uv gourds an' wooden dippers, an' anything that 'ud hold water. Sich a kickin' and dancin' you never seed. The gals—fer fun like, er maybe havin' a spite agin a feller they didn't like nary time—'ud drop some bilin' water on thar bare shins an' toes, an' then ther'd be a howl, an' a scrimmage, an' upsettin' uv cheers, an' most-like a gal 'ud get kiased. Her har 'ud git mused, anyway. Then they'd settle agin, an' some earnest feller, that leaned fur over an' stamped hard, 'ud get stuck with a needle on the sly, an' give a sprawl, like a frog goin' into a puddle, right onto the hot pile, an' he'd hev a ternal time gettin' out uv thar ring uv tickers. An' all 'ud be laughin' an' hollerin' an' the hot water makin' things lively. There's no such times nowadays, nor cloth neither.

"I wuz kickin' my best, for Uals kinder settled ahind my cheer. Somehow I knowed every time when her har wuz on the back uv it; an' when she'd lean over to pour the hot water, keeful clar uv my toes, 'twur ex nice ex

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song uv wild fowl movin' northerd. The talkin' stopped uv itself to harken to it. Ole Granny Dancan spoke up an' sez, 'Thet's Meetelwa singin' fer her lover ter come. Hit's been many a long year since I heard her. The last time I heard her wuz when Jenny Mooney's lover runned away, an' he come back nex' day an' made it up an' they wuz jined. She allus sings when any good gal hex a love trouble an' is worriten about it.'

"I seed Uals guv a hitch uv her cheer nigher to Granny Dancan an' look at her all over earnest, an' sez she, 'What good does her singin' do, granny?'

"'Didn't you ever hear tell on it, Uals?' sez the ole woman. 'Hit's one uv them Injun tales. It's older than all the grannies' mothers an' mothers' mothers furdur back than I've heard on. She's not singin' fer your worriten, anyhow, for you're allus laughin' an' cheery, an' hex the boys thick ex flies at a honey-pot, an' Arch thar, soft ex a hop poke.' An' all laughed 'cept me. I were too mad at the ole woman fer bringin' Arch in. Uals laughed too, an' sez she, 'I may git to worriten some day, granny; so tell us about it afore we jine to dancin'. An' then she looked over to me an' said: 'Who knows but I'm worriten?' an' all the rest uv 'em sliced granny on ter tell uv it.

"She lit her pipe, an' them ex smoked lighted thelra, an' what she said runs somehow this way:

"'Way back yander, long 'nough afore the white people came to Elk, thar wuz nothin' but Injuns in this hull kentry. Thar wuz one pack uv 'em hed the head waters uv Elk; another pack uv 'em hed the head waters uv Ganley River, an' the rivers nigh jines where they start from up yander in the mountains, an' they wuz allus fightin' 'bout the huntin' line on the ridge uv the divide, an' then fightin' 'cause they fit afore. Them on the Elk side hed a big headman 'er chief, ex they called him; an' he hed a growed up dater, Meetelwa by name, an' she were ex purty ex a posie, an' they say she could dance ex light ex a leaf on the river, an' hed a powerful gift uv singin'. All the young Injun men wanted ter keep company with her, but she wouldn't 'low it, an' her fayther humored her. She used to climb up the mountain yander to the hangin' rock an' sit an' sing, an' that's the reason the moon allus rises over that rock, an' stays longer thar than anywhere else to hear her singin'. The head man uv the Ganley Injuns wuz young—he'd done somethin' powerful big, I disremember now—an' when his fayther died he were p'inted chief.

"They tells how, in spite uv the fightin', he fell in love, an' got soft like on Meetelwa unbeknownst to her kin, an' they used to meet yander on the rock at night time, an' it wuz him ex got the moon to stan' thar to make the

mountain comes down inter the medder out thar. The Injuns called the branch Polecat on 'count uv the meanness uv the killin'. An' the falls stays thar yet; fer the Injuns said the Great Spirit left them thar when he changed back to himself, feelin' she'd jump off the rock agin. Meetelwa used to go upon the rock, an' set an' sing an' sing; an' the Great Spirit uv the Injuns pitied her so, an' she wuz so purty, thet one day he come to her an' said, 'Meetelwa, you're too good an' purty to be worriten so 'bout yer lover, an' bein' so lonely like; he's livin' with me an' waitin' fer you.' An' he

reached down an' got a han'ful uv water uv the falls an' rolled it inter crystal beads, an' put 'em on a string an' put 'em 'round her neck, an' sez he, 'Meetelwa, ex long ez you air true to him, an' love him, them beads uv water 'ill stay on the string, an' ef yer come on this rock an' sing an' tech the beads, an' yer spirit is clar ex the water thar made uv, I'll let him come to yer, an' be with yer, an' comfort yer; an' ef yer sing I'll send comfort to them ex yer axes it for, an' when you're done with the beads who ever gits 'em kin do the same, ef the'r spirit's white an' clar.'

An' then he went home. An' she sang an' teched the beads uv water, an' her lover wuz standin' by her, an' they wuz ex happy ex folks is nowadays when they gits sweet on one 'nother. An' she were true to him, an' kep' her soul white an' clean ex the beads till she sang her death song agin. An' they buried her yander in the mound. They say that she's layin' right whar the aarves berry tree is growin', an' thet's the reason its blossoms is white like her spirit, an' its berries is red, like her cheek, an' the birds come to it so plenty an' sits an' sings.

"Her fayther took on ter'ble, an' long 'fore she went dead he hed repented of his meanness. All the Injun gals wanted her beads, but her fayther said, 'No, they must be buried with her an' go long with her, fer she'd want 'em to call her lover with when she got to the hum of the Great Spirit.' So they buried them with her, an' the spirit of the ole chief watches 'em. Whosomever gits 'em will have a wondrous power. To this day they call the rock yander Meetelwa's rock, an' thet's her a-singin'. Someone's a-worriten."

(To be Continued.)

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The Rabbi's Prayer.

A TRAGICOMEDY OF CREEDS.

Not much before midnight in a Midland town—a thriving commercial town, whose dingy black streets swarmed with poverty and piety—a man in a soft felt hat and a white tie was hurrying home over a bridge that spanned a dark crowded river. He had missed the car and did not care to be seen out late, but he could not afford a cab. Suddenly he felt a tug at his long black coat-tail. Vaguely alarmed and definitely annoyed, he turned round quickly. A breathless, roughly clad, rugged-featured man loosened his hold of the skirt.

"Scuse me, sir—I've been running," he gasped.

"What is it? What do you want?" said the gentleman impatiently.

"My wife is dying," jerked the man.

"I'm very sorry," murmured the gentleman incredulously. "I'm not a doctor."

"No, sir, I know. I don't want a doctor. He's there and only gives her ten minutes to live. Come with me at once, please."

"Come with you? Why, what good can I do?"

"You are a clergyman?"

The wearer of the white tie looked embarrassed. "Yes," he stammered. "In a—way."

But I'm not the sort of clergyman your wife will be wanting. I am a Jewish minister."

"That don't matter," broke in the man, almost before he could finish the sentence. "As long as you're not a Catholic. Oh, don't go away now, sir." His voice broke piteously.

"Don't go away after I've been chasing you for five minutes. I saw your rig-out—I beg pardon, your coat and hat—in the distance, just as I came out of the house. Walk back with me, anyhow," he pleaded, seeing the Jew's hesitation.

The man's accent was so poignant, his anxiety was so apparently sincere, that the minister's humanity could scarcely resist the solicitation to walk back at least.

"Why don't you go to your own clergyman?"

"I've got none," said the man half apologetically. "I don't believe in nothing myself. But you know what women are! Betsey goes some place every Sunday almost; sometimes she's there and back from a service before I'm up, and so long as the breakfast is ready I don't mind. I don't ask her no questions, and in return she don't bother about my soul—leastways, not for these ten years, ever since she's had kids to convert. We get along all right, the missus and me and the kids. Oh, but it's all to come to an end now," he sobbed.

"Yes, but my good fellow," protested the minister. "I told you you were making a mistake. You know nothing about religion; but what your wife wants is someone to talk to her of Jesus, or to give her the sacrament, or the confession, or something, for I confess I'm not very clear about the forms of Christianity."

"Oh, but you believe in something?" persisted the man.

"H'm! Yes, I can't deny that," said the minister; "but it's not the same something that your wife believes in."

"You believe in a God, don't you?"

The minister felt a bit chagrined at being catechized in the elements of his religion.

"Of course," he said fretfully.

"I knew it," cried the man in triumph. "None of us do in our shop; but, of course, clergymen are different. But if you believe in a God, that's enough, ain't it? Here is the house."

The minister conquered a last impulse of mistrust, and looked round cautiously to be sure he was unobserved. Charity was not a strong point with his flock. Even if they learned the truth, he was not at all sure they would not consider his praying with a dying Christian akin to blasphemy. On the whole he must be credited with some courage in mounting that black, ill-smelling, interminable staircase. He found himself in a gloomy garret at last, lighted by an oil-lamp. A haggard woman lay with shut eyes on an iron bed, her chilling hands clasping the hands of the "converted" children, a boy of ten and a girl of seven, who stood crying in their little nightgowns. The doctor leaned against the head of the bed. He was a big-brained, large-hearted Irishman, a Roman Catholic.

"You are not too late," said the doctor.

"Thank God!" said the atheist. "Betsey, old girl, here is a clergyman."

The cloud seemed to pass off the blind face, and a wave of wan sunlight to traverse it; slowly the eyes opened, the hands withdrew themselves from the children's grasp, and the palms met for prayer.

"Christ Jesus," began the lips mechanically.

The minister was hot with confusion and a quiver with emotion. He knew not what to say, as automatically he drew out a Hebrew prayer-book from his pocket and began reading the Death-bed Confession in the English version on the alternate pages.

"I acknowledge unto thee, O Lord, my God, and the God of my fathers, that both my cure and my death are in Thy hands . . ."

As he read, the dying lips moved, mumbling the words after him. How often had those white lips prayed that the stiff-necked Jews might find grace and be saved from damnation.

The prayer went on, the mournful monotone thrilling through the hot, dim, oil-lit attic, and awing the weeping children into silence. The atheist stood by reverently, torn by conflicting emotions; glad the poor foolish creature had her wish, and on thorns lest she should live long enough to discover the deception. There was no room in his overcharged heart for personal grievance just then. "Make known to me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." An ecstatic look overspread the plain, careworn face; she stretched out her arms as if to embrace some unseen vision.

"Yes, I am coming—Jesus," she murmured. Then her hands dropped heavily upon her breast, the face grew rigid, the eyes closed. Involuntarily the minister seized the hand nearest to him. He felt it respond faintly to his clasp in unconsciousness of the pagan pollution of his touch. He read on: "Into Thy hand I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. Amen and Amen."

And in that last Amen, with a final gleam of

blessedness flitting across her sightless face, the poor Christian toiler breathed out her life of pain, holding the Jew's hand. There was solemn silence, the three men becoming as little children in the presence of the eternal mystery.—From *King of the Schnorrers* by I. Zangwill.

Derby is the best plug smoking tobacco in the market. Have you tried it?

Absent-minded.



Pat—Molke, this is a heavy load.



—Hould an a minnit till Oi spit an me hands.



Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FRANK.—There isn't a hint of ambition in your writing. I should have told you had I noticed any. I am very glad you found your own and your friend's study correct.

T. B. M.—I think this study is rather juvenile, but it has some capital traits; love of fun, playful energy, much sympathy and truthfulness being among the number.

DAVID BULL.—You say "Enclosed please find coupon." Well, D. B., I've tried my best to do as you request, but as the coupon isn't there I really can't. Try and enclose it next time.

TOM FROM DERBY.—I, of course, like Irishmen—and all other men who are nice. 2. Your writing shows much care for appearance, humor, sensitiveness and very strong and concentrated will, animation and hope.

ELIAS J.—You can get the Mackay waist mentioned in La Mode's column at the Bannockton, King Street west. There are no ceteris in this waist at all. I am very glad you find useful hints in the column, and will always be glad to inform you.

ORPHEUS.—This is a person who thinks much of appearance and loves to look well and create a good impression. He is discreet, good-tempered, truthful and very candid, lacking all finesse and diplomacy, and generally inclining to a quiet life. Affection or susceptibility are not shown, and a lack of snap and originality makes the attractiveness of an otherwise fine study.

BOR.—If you had enclosed your address I should have sent you a private comparison of your former and present writing. In main characteristics they are identical. Adaptability and strong penchant for the other sex, with some tenacity of opinion, impulsiveness, refinement, decision of will and honesty of purpose, with good reasoning powers are the main traits.

HUBERT.—Your idea is perfectly absurd. There are no such women nowadays, at least none outside the Old Woman's Home. I am sorry to hear of your trouble, but, candidly, I am quite certain it is all your own fault. You don't understand her, and you are aggravating by your treatment the fault you wish to obliterate. Out upon such men as you! You're not worthy of wives!

ALLEN.—So I gave you too good a character and your friend, who is a lovely girl, a horrid one, did I? Well, child, blame the rules of graphology, and not me. I, however, feel quite like agreeing with you that I must have got the studies mixed, since you want yours done again. That is truly horrid of you, Allen. I really can't do it. Your writing is very good indeed, not the least doubtful.

INFANT.—How on earth can I tell whether you love Shakespeare or not? If you mean, does your writing show a very marked intellectuality I must reply in the negative. I think, in answer to your second question, that you are rather inclined to be sentimental than strongly affectionate. Have you an over-amount of patience? Perhaps so, but I declare I haven't; your study (on lines) is absolutely too weak and crude for a satisfactory delineation.

TYRON.—The main traits are always the same, though a person may of course bewilder a graphologist by fraud in writing a carefully assumed hand. I shouldn't care to be that person! You are facile, fond of fun, bright and attractive in manner, adaptable and good-tempered, impatient of delay and a trifle impetuous in action and feeling. You have opinions which you cherish, but you are not bigoted. A rather nice sort of person I think.

JEROME.—I have just opened your letter. What I think on the subject is my own affair. I never discuss such

things in this column. However, I am quite sure you are just and true from your very fine handwriting, which shows candor, sincerity, courage, love of ease, some prudence, and much ability. You don't care for hard work, nor are you very enterprising; contentment and a little inclination to narrowness are shown. Except for this your writing is excellent.

PATS D.—I think there is a strain of fractiousness in you and that you sometimes depend more than is good. Your lines tell of brightness of conception, some sharpness of temper, considerable refinement of ideas, a generally discreet and perhaps reserved manner. You would be the better for an added sense of fun and some additional hopefulness and buoyancy. Have you been a sufferer, or perhaps are now an invalid? There is a hint of what may be this in your interesting study.

GRACIE.—This is really as good as possible. Your writing is very interesting, showing a large and generous mind, great frankness, self-respect and a practical and straightforward method. You have enough imagination to be healthy, some tenacity of opinion, plentiful energy and independence. I don't believe, however, that you are a systematic worker. Your temper is excellent and your ability above the average. I think you should be a fine specimen of healthy womanhood.

McKERRER.—Your enclosure startled me considerably. Where did you find the inspiration for that awful visage? Your writing (without the flourishes, which are too feeble to have any significance, though their curves show many suggestions of a pleasant, sympathetic and attractive nature has promise of future excellence. However, it shows no traces of artistic excellence, and your enclosure dismisses all possibility of artistic excellence, so I don't exactly know how to advise you, especially as I am half persuaded you don't need or want advice. You write like a copying clerk or Business College graduate.

CABRIA.—I. This is perfectly appalling. How horrid I must have been, when you met me personally; won't you please try and forget it, my dear? I'll never do it again, whatever it may have been. 2. Your writing shows marked diplomacy, strong will and tenacity of opinion, with some sharpness of temper. You are too careless of small details, somewhat self-assertive, evidently of marked character and very individual. I quite adore those crosses on your 'i's, so strong, so firm and with that little crook of tenacity and quick temper on the end. I think you should be conservative, and of the women who don't want the franchise. You have not the signs of the too womanly woman, however, and have a very healthy self-reliance and some signs of clever thinking.

MOLLY.—It is rather hard to advise you honestly, my dear girl, because honest advice may hurt your feelings; however, perhaps some day you'll be glad you got it. You ask me if I think you will make an artist, a musician or an *actress*. Well, considering that you spell character, candor and waiting, waiting, I think your best place would be to confine your ambitions to humbler walks in life just now. I am not a gentleman, so you need not think I am making fun of you. I am in deadly earnest when I say it is an absurdity for you to talk of a profession when you are still so untainted in one of the rudiments of a common school education. For goodness' sake, where were you at college? (You say you have just left college). Now I have done exactly as you asked me to do, and I suppose you will be angry. I hope not, for I like you (or perhaps I'd have evaded your question) and I'd like to hear from you again in reference to the other matter. I think your notion about the sickness of men is very original.

The Man Who Was Stuck.

There was a man at the depot the other afternoon who took a five-dollar bill out of his vest pocket and spread it out on his knee, and attentively examined it. Then he took it over to the window and held it to a pane of glass, and examined it still more critically. Then he went back to his seat and said to the man on his right, who had become much interested, together with half a dozen others:

"Well, they say there has got to be a first time with everybody, but I thought I had traveled far enough to cut my eye teeth."

"Got stuck, eh?" queried the other as he reached for the bill. "Well, you are not so much to blame. The bill is pretty well gotten up."

"Yes, fairly well; but feel of it. Does it feel like a genuine greenback to you?"

"N-o, it doesn't, though I should never have stopped to feel of it. I can see now that it is rougher and coarser."

"They might have passed that off on me in the night," said a second man who took up the bill, "but never by daylight; I should have spotted it at once."

"Pretty well executed, isn't it?" queried the owner.

"I don't think so. The inks used were not first-class and the printing is bad. I could tell it was queer, even if held out at arm's length."

"Counterfeit, eh?" said the third man, as he took the bill in his hands. "Well, now, I call that pretty well done—pretty well done. I'd a taken that bill anywhere for a good one."

"If somebody didn't take 'em for good," said a man with a pair of steel-bowed spectacles on, as he joined the group. "The counterfeiters couldn't make a living. There are plenty of yahoos still alive."

"Are you calling me a yahoo?" demanded the third man.

"I'm only speaking in a general way. I'd have spotted that bill among a thousand. Just one look at the back is enough for me. Where'd you get it?"

"Can't tell," solemnly replied the owner.

"You ought to be more careful."

"Yes, I know."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I think I'll try and pass it off on someone. Let's see if the ticket man will drop it."

He advanced to the window, bought a ticket for a run fifty miles down the road, and the ticket man raked in the bill and made change like chained lightning. Twenty people were watching and each drew a long breath and opened his eyes. The owner of the bill coolly pocketed the change and ticket and calmly sat down and opened a newspaper and began to read. It was some time before the crowd tumbled to the fact that it had been gulled. Then, one by one, they sneaked around or went out for fresh air. All but one. It was the man who resented being called a yahoo. He went over to the joker with a grin on his face, slapped him on the back in a hearty way and said:

"It was a durned good joke, and it's just such adventures as this that make travelin' around all-fired pleasant to me! Come out and hav some lemonade!"—Etc.

Her Predicament.

She could not be consoled. "Everything happened so nicely," she said in explanation of her woe. "We were lost from the rest of the party soon after we started on our long walk; I slipped and sprained my ankle. I was compelled to sit down, and he stood by me, solicited and so sorry for me, while the ankle began to swell. It hurt so, and you know I had silk



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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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stockings on and everything, and I have a very pretty foot, as you know. So the situation was just like the one you read about; when he cuts her shoe away from the bruised foot she faints away from the pain and he presses his lips to the tiny ankle. It wakes her, and, with her foot in his hand and all that, he proposes. Here she burst into tears.

"Why didn't you go ahead and do it all, you silly!"

"Why—oh, that it would be my luck; it was the right foot that was hurt, and I knew I had a hole in one stocking, but I couldn't be sure which one it was. I dare not let the shoe come off, and, oh, dear! it was the left stocking after all. I might as well give up trying to get married!"

A Bicyclist's Adventure.

A rich Hungarian gentleman had recently a curious and disagreeable adventure in a small village in the Balkans, not far from Philippopolis. He had undertaken a long tour through Asia Minor and Turkey on his bicycle, and had often created a sensation with his machine. But, as he had just made his entry in good style in the village of Pejova, and was looking eagerly around for an inn and something to eat, two men of whom he was going to ask information ran away but soon reappeared with a host of others, knives in hand and terror in their eyes. At the same time was heard the sound of the big bell which is placed on the market square of all Hungarian villages for the calling of the cattle; they are accustomed to answer the summons and hurry from all corners to gather round the village shepherd and be taken to their pastures.

At the sound of the bell there was a tremendous lowering, but no animals appeared, for they had been hastily locked in their stables by their scared masters, but the door of the church opened and out came a Pope, bearing a cross, and followed by half a dozen of the under clergy in black dresses, and with tall chimney-pots on their heads; they came solemnly and gravely to the dumbfounded traveler and began to pray, sing, and indulge in extraordinary gestures, at the same time vigorously sprinkling him and his machine with holy water. Then, at a sign from the Pope, four men advanced, and after having crossed themselves seized the innocent "bike," rolled it out of the circle and proceeded to pull it to pieces.

The owner's screams and swearings were of no avail, and at last, seeing the eyes of the crowd begin to glare in an uncomfortable manner, he walked to the Pope and tried to make him explain this extraordinary comedy. After much difficulty and a lively pantomime he became aware that he was taken for a magician of the worst kind, thanks to his get-up, his machine, and the rapidity of his flight along the streets of Pejova, and that his best plan would be to go as soon as possible, if he did not wish to share the fate of his diabolical steed. Nothing remained for him but to hurry away and walk to the next railway station, which was about fourteen miles distant, and where he arrived exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

A Californian Justice.

In the early days of the settlement of the Eel River Valley it frequently happened that the justice of the peace was also the barkeeper of the town, and some amusing stories are told of the complications resultant from this novel combination of offices. In one instance the sessions of the court were held in the bar-room, and his honor, who was a man of dignity and resource, drew a chalk line on the floor to indicate the separate rooms for court and bar. During an impending trial, when a recess was taken, the court gravely saw to it that no man took his drink on the wrong side of the line. The same court-room was once noisily en-

tered by an honest Dutchman, who burst forth: "Jim," to his honor on the bench, "vat kind o' cabbage hev you got to sell?" "Jim," answered that he had no kind, and the Teuton turned abruptly away and was going out when the sheriff in attendance asked the magistrate if the fellow ought not to be arrested for contempt of court. The justice soberly considered for a moment and then replied in the affirmative, whereupon the stupefied Dutchman was brought back as a prisoner, tried and found guilty and sentenced to treat the whole crowd, his honor giving a recess that he might go behind the bar to mix drinks.—Chicago Tribune.



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The Drama.



IT HAS been claimed by some statisticians—and it has not been disputed by others, so far as I know—that the theatre-going people of North America constitute merely two per cent. of the total population. This piece of information is calculated to give a very severe shock to actors, actresses, critics and stage-struck people. Those who frequent the theatre, and more particularly those who have a professional connection with it, whether in the capacity of actors, critics or bill-hangers, are apt to grow into the idea that the theatre and its affairs make up ninety-eight per cent. of what is worth man's attention in life, and that only about two per cent. of the people are blind to the importance of the drama. Our friend, the statistician, demonstrates that only two people out of every hundred on this continent ever bother their heads about dramatists and actors and the unreal realities of stage life. Wherever a man may be, there lies his world. The horizon is the edge of his universe. He knows there are countries beyond, but it is in a hazy, general way. To the farmer the object of creation was to make a seed-time and a harvest-time, and the sun shines by day and the moon by night, and the rain falls, and the dew settles down, all for the definite purpose of ripening his crops. He sees no other object in the changing seasons. To the miller, the water that runs downhill does so in order to turn his wheels; to the sportsman, streams were created for trout to sport in; to the sailor, the lakes were made to sail on; to the fisherman they were made to set nets in. In this artificial age in this city there are no doubt men who think that the Almighty created Lake Simcoe for them to cut ice on. Every man builds a barrel around himself and lives in it. It becomes his world. Everything inside becomes magnified a thousandfold; all outside is lost from view and fades gradually from recollection. And it is thus with the drama. It walls in those who become identified with it. The mock tragedy on the stage becomes greater than the real tragedy on the street. The mimic war with wooden guns and pasteboard swords exceeds in interest a real war in which a Lobengula or a Cetewayo is ravished of his kingdom and his subjects slaughtered. To man the great visible is greater than the elephant unseen; the trifle of which he is a witness is more important than the catastrophe that does not affect him.

At the close of the dramatic season it is well for all connected with the theatrical business to devote a space to self-study. See that you have not lost the sense of proportion; that you have still a grasp of the relative importance of shadows and realities. The study of the drama, of poetry and of literature, the mission of the stage is to exercise the minds of its patrons, on the principle that constant cultivation of the mental soil will rarify and refine it. It has this result on sound minds. What poetry and prose reading can do in a year the drama can do in a week for the man of sense. Irving illustrates Shakespeare with living pictures. Willard picks up J. M. Barrie's *The Professor's Love Story* and instead of reading the sweet comedy you are privileged to see it created into a living thing, a flesh-and-blood, human comedy, glorified up from the dullness of print and made intelligible to the illiterate, its gentle influence forced into the lives of thousands throughout America who never would have looked at the book. But when all is said and done, the stage is a relaxation of the few. Only two per cent. of the population are interested in it. It forms only a very insignificant part of life, and it is well for us not to forget this fact. In the opinion of traveling actors Toronto exists in order to produce audiences for dramatic companies. When a show fails to draw houses the city is classified as a jay settlement. We cannot say anything in our defence, save to remark that we do not realize the object of our existence, apparently, for we do not feel that play-going is the main purpose of our lives. The theatrical season is over. Many of us have derived benefit from it, we all have found relaxation in it (i.e., all of that few who are its patrons), and now we shall turn to our summer hobbies, each riding his own as though no other were fit to mount. Man is an eccentric animal.

The season proper at the Grand and Jacobs & Sparrow's closed last Saturday night and at the Academy of Music two weeks earlier. The Grand, however, re-opened this week with Miss Josephine Cameron and her company playing *East Lynne*, *Camille* and *Forget-Me-Not*. Just why the Grand manager re-opened his book to give this company a hearing is not

plain. Willard's engagement enabled the house to close its season with a flourish, but it declined the chance.

The Midway Plaisance will be seen in the new Drill Hall next week, June 4 to 9. The affair is under the auspices of the officers and men of the Queen's Own, and, granted fine weather, will be a great success. The spectator will find himself suddenly transported to the Orient, and those who failed to visit the World's Fair should not miss this, its most attractive feature, now that it is brought within easy reach.

Having terminated a most successful season, Miss Jessie Alexander left for New York this week, whence she sails next Saturday, accompanied by her brother, Mr. W. W. Alexander, for a three months' sojourn in Europe. One of the chief objects of Miss Alexander's visit is the study of character to be found through Scotland, England and Ireland, and no doubt she will return in the fall with a greatly enriched repertoire.

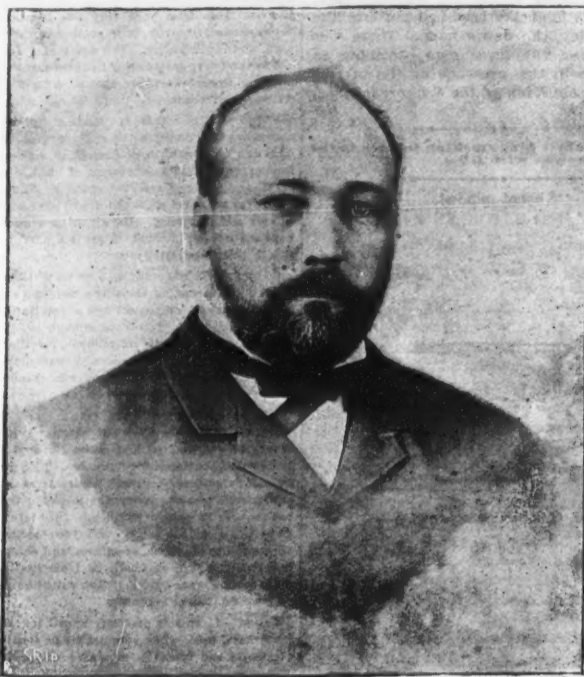
MACK.

Our Front Page.

On our front page this week we present the portraits of three noted singers, who will appear at a concert in the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening next, June 5. They are: Mary Howe, soprano; Arma Senka (Miss Susie Ryan), contralto, and Mr. William Lavin, tenor. The first and last named are from Boston, formerly of the Damrosch Orchestra Company, and by their singing have won unqualified praise, not only in every American city, but in the musical centers of Germany. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* said: "Mary Howe is a singing phenomenon. She is a virtuoso, par excellence. She attacks the highest notes with wonderful ease and trills on high C with the elegance and grace of a flute, and her scales are like pearls." Referring to Miss Howe and Mr. Lavin, the *Neue Preussische Kreis Zeitung* said: "We only wish that our German singers had half the good qualities that this singing pair have, then our concert stage would be tremendously improved." We could multiply these expressions of delight and approval. Of Arma Senka little need be said, as her triumphs have been noted by Toronto people with great pleasure, and her coming on this occasion is exciting much interest. The concert in which these three singers take part marks the first public appearance of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, of which Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is organizer and conductor. The chorus is composed of fifty selected male voices, and some grand effects should be produced. As an indication of what may be expected, it may be announced that the following choruses will be sung: *Kerry Dance*, *Macy*; *Hark! The Trumpet Callet* (vocal march), *Dudley Buck*; *Breeze of the Night* (waltz song), *Lamotte*; *The Singers' Watchword*, *Wollenhaupt*; *The Exile's Dream*, *Andersen*; and *Tis the Dancers* (mazurka), *Macy*. This concert being both socially and musically an event of the first importance, the Grand will certainly be filled on Tuesday evening.

A Good Digestion.

There is not, it is evidently manifest to all, in the whole world, a source of so great pleasure as well as of such painful and ruinous consequences as that which creating in man a good appetite, deteriorates him rapidly into a dyspeptic. Surely it is a perversion of that axiomatic aphorism, "All men are born equal." Here is a man endowed with a splendid gastric capacity; he sups and dines three or four times daily. His food may be either of the plainest fare or of the choicest delicacies. Digestion is perfect, absorption and assimilation everything that could be desired. Again, opposites him at table every day sits a man, pale and emaciated, whose whole life is a burden to himself and his friends surrounding him. He cannot eat. Dish after dish is ordered, only to be nibbled at and rejected. His whole gastric apparatus is out of gear. Hypochondriasis is very often a concomitant of his original disorder, and his imaginary apprehensions sap his vitality and debilitate his economy. We look for a cure. The man whose stomachic wells and springs are pouring forth a plentiful and proper supply of pepsin ferment and acid accompaniment, and who in consequence of the enjoyment and satisfaction obtained from a perfectly operating alimentary canal lives a life of cheerful contentment and happiness, a life physically, morally and religiously consistent with his healthy condition of body and mind, is the man who realizes best that life after all is worth living, who attains to a ripe old age and dies at his appointed time. His dyspeptic contemporary drags along a harassed and miserable existence. Drug after drug is resorted to. The regular practitioner is denounced and discarded. Homoeopathic treatment is taken up, only to be abandoned in disgust; and he at last comes to realize that there is no invention yet perfected which will replace his sorely outraged and atrophied gastric and intestinal glands with automatic celluloid substitutes. Is it or is it not true that all stomachs are born equal? Is it or can it be possible that an omniscient Creator distributes blessings by favoritism? Everybody hunts for a cure for indigestion. Who thinks of the preventive treatment—the prophylaxis, as our Hygienic friend would say—of dyspepsia? Why cannot we eat every article provided for our race? We can; then in God's name eat it and eat it rightly, and do not consume your food like ravenous wild beasts! Do not cram your stomachs like a monkey does its pouches! How under the blue ethereal do you expect your stomach is going to perform its churning and peristaltic functions if distended and distorted with an unequal burden? Unless the gastric dilatation of your cylindrical viaduct succeeds in thoroughly mixing the ingesta of the stomach, digestion does not and cannot properly proceed. You must understand that insanity breeds insanity. If you are so insane then as to disregard physiological facts you will ultimately suffer, mentally as well as physically, morally as well as religiously. How can a man who is suffering from his own folly and this nineteenth century curse be physically strong? Think you, are his mental faculties as potent, his temper as controllable, and his ethical and



SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

Sayings of Smart Children.

A boy when asked to quote a text answered, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."—*Newburyport News*.

Sunday-school teacher (sadly)—I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven. Johnny—Why? What have you been doing now?—*Home Journal*.

Old Gentleman—My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should act like men. Boy—Boo, hoo! Then I'd get it licked for swearing!—*Good News*.

Auntie had told four-year-old Merle about Elijah going up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Seeing a hearse leaving the cemetery, he said: "Well, I guess there goes Elijah down for another load."—*Literary Digest*.

Sunday-school teacher—Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as he came in. Tommy—I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun at our kind of religion.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Father to Son—Why don't you sit down, Tommy? Tommy—This morning I asked you how many made a million, and you said, "Darned few." I told the teacher that in arithmetic class, and that's why I can't sit down.—*Life*.

Mamma (to little daughter)—Never forget to thank God for everything, my child. Child—If I didn't like it, too? Mamma—Yes, always; everything is for the best. Child (running in an hour later)—Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher.—*Harper's Young People*.

Tommy—I think grown folks is a awful nuisance. Jimmy—What for? Tommy—"Cause when a fellow tries to talk to 'em and entertain 'em, they tell him to run away, but when he is enjoyin' himself all by himself, then they always want to come monkeying round and bother him."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Little Bobby—Ma, will I go to heaven when I die? Mother—If you are a good boy you will. "Will you go, too?" "I hope so, Bobby." "And will you?" "Yes, we will all be there some time." Bobby didn't seem satisfied, but after some thought he said: "I don't see then where my fun comes in."—*Texas Siftings*.

The teacher asked her class to put the nouns "boys," "bees," and "bears," into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnny," said the school-teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'."—*Boston Traveler*.

It happened in Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"—*Harper's Monthly*.

Passionate Female Literary Types

THE OLD SCHOOL.



Miss Waly (author of *Boots and Spurs* and a Baritone Voice!)—Honestly, Lucille, have you ever met the man you couldn't love?

Miss Trump (who wrote *Oh, the Meeting of the Lips*)!—No, Clarissa! I have you!

Miss Waly—Oh, never, never! And I earnestly trust I never shall!—*Punch*.

In the Month of June.

For Saturday Night.

In the month of June I met her,
In the month of June:
She knew naught of bond or fetter,
In the month of June:
Light of heart and "fancy free,"
Hear her merry laugh and glee,
Little thought of love or me,
In the month of June.

In the month of June I sought her,
In the month of June:
Her of Eve, the fairest daughter,
In the month of June:
O'er the green dew-laden lawn,
Has she to her rose-bower gone?
There to welcome in the dawn,
In the month of June!

In the month of June I found her,
In the month of June:
With a garland hung around her,
In the month of June:
How the buttercups did hover,
All about this meadow rover,
Dressed with buttercups and clover,
In the month of June!

In the month of June I, bolder,
In the month of June,
Called her Mabel, dear, and told her,
In the month of June,
How I met and sought and found her,
And my arm stole softly 'round her,
When to me her promise bound her,
In the month of June.

Then and there I gently kissed her,
By the waning moon;
She forgot and called me "mister,"
In the month of June.
Then rang out her merry laughter,
Long to be remembered after,
When the winds of Time shall wait her
To the month of June.

SIDNEY SELLERS.

The Lover's Serenade.

For Saturday Night.

In the day-time, in the night-time,
O love, I long for thee,
O love, all the days, and all the years
My song must ever be:
Alone I am and must be dear,
Alone my whole life thro'
Unless in bliss and joy divine
I link that life with you.
O love, I wait, why com'st thou not?
For thee my spirit cries:
The hours drag by with leaden feet,
My heart within me dies.
Without the blessing of thy smile
What is this life of mine?
'Tis as a crushed and broken reed,
A glass of dash'd down wine,
But with thee O, the countless years
Fill by in quickening round,
The joys, the smiles, without the tears,
With these alone are found.

EMILY HALBOR.

June.

For Saturday Night.

Earth still is lovely; there is not a thing
On this cool morn, so bankrupt of poor worth,
So short of joy and heaven-smiling mirth,
But doth some shining wreath of incense bring
For soling brows, and sweet imagining
For quiet eyes. No, mark you, not a breeze
Comes raining blossoms from new-budded trees,
But bears some sweet home from a bower unseen
For melancholy pale. Here, sit, till noon
Lays you snap on yonder bank of green,
And still sleep on, for presently the moon
Will call Titania forth, and Pyloneal
Chaunt thy tired slumbers from her leafy cell.

MUNRO.

Love's Return.

For Saturday Night.

Share of the summer are shine brighter,
Waves of the summer more gently roll,
Heart in my bosom beat lighter, lighter,
Love hath returned unto my soul.
Love left me once, the transient boy,
And from my life the sweetness fled,
But back he kind, thrice welcomed joy,
Who in pride's tomb methought lay dead.
And when he came, I clipped his wings,
(The past had made me wondrous wise),
And now to me his gifts he brings,
And makes of earth a paradise.

QUINCY.

Yearning.

For Saturday Night.

If I could walk with him the path of life,
Could feel him clasp me close and whisper "wife,"
The long harmonious years with joy would roll
And plenty from stain my sullied soul.
If I could see him gaze into my eyes
And find in their deep depths his paradise,
No being on God's earth would happier rest,
No one by him be more divinely blest.
If on my lips he would imprint one kiss
So deep I'd drink the cup of earthly bliss,
Had I to choose 'twix him and heaven above,
In my delicious joy I'd choose his love.

EYRENE LYLE.

Our Only Day.

For Saturday Night.

Were this our only day—
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay—
How should we bear to live?
Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be
Make up our life—the near days each a year,
The far days nebulae.
At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and o'ry fondness of him
And its delicious pangs of fond regret
Were there no day but this.
And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?
Who, too, would pause to prate
Of insult, or remember slight or score?
Who would this night lie down to sleep with hate
Were there to be no more?
Who would take heed to wrong,
To misery's complaint or pity's call,
The long wall of the weak against the strong,
If this one day were all?
And what were wealth with shame,
The vanity of office, pride of caste,
The wily sparks of the bubble fame,
If this day were the last?
Aye, what were all days worth
Were there no looking backward or before—
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore?
But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away;
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

Carter Kinney in *Yonkers Gazette*.



I know a little woman who resented my remarks on the shifting mental attitude of Canadian women. She wrote me a smart little note to inform me of the fact and yesterday I was amused to hear her confess a curious condemnation of my judgment as follows: "Well, I wanted to go, not that I'd any hankering for horse racing, but just because every one goes. Then mother began to think it wasn't right and on Sunday the clergyman preached against it, and on Monday Fred said there was no harm in it, and the boys all wanted us to go, so mother and I went. We never bet, of course, that is wrong; at least some people say so, only Fred put me in a pool and I won three dollars. I don't altogether think that was honest, do you? Of course everyone took their chance. I suppose it was all right anyway." And this feminine weather-ben had the audacity to give me a great setting-out because I said that Canadian women shuffled mentally! I hope she won't make up her dear little mind to hate me for answering her letter in this way, but I cannot resist using the weapon chance has put into my hand!

I see by the paper that Miss Rye is advertising for emigrant girls to train and bring to Canada as servants. I wonder whether she knows what a burden she is laying on Canadian homes, or if she follows the fortunes of her girls and sleeps soundly after she has known the bitter end of many of them. Sometimes a bright and shining example reaches maturity in an uncontaminated condition as is possible to girls born in their vicious surroundings; perhaps this achievement is due to transplanting, or perhaps, like sainted little Nell, the most wonderful child in fiction, no pitch could sully their innate purity. While my heart is full of sympathy for the little ones whom fate has birth-marked with crime, I confess I should as soon give the *entree* to a noxious draught of sewer gas into a nursery as receive into a family of little children one of the London gamins who are exported by good Miss Rye. And yet it is nearly always among children they are placed. We don't know the children of London out here; we cannot realize what they are, so wise, so secretive, so old in the knowledge of what decent grown people don't think about. The tragedy of their birth, the horror of their life, the awfulness of their environment, are fortunately things unthought of anywhere but in the great, cruel, wicked East End of London. If a Canadian woman could see what I have seen, hear what I have heard, and believe what is behind in the memory of the thoughts and the belief of some of the waifs exported to Canada, she would shrink in horror from it all, no matter how much she loved children. These are scarcely children though; they are of all God's good things the most awfully and sadly wrecked. Somehow, I caught myself hoping that Miss Rye's advertisement was the first of some awakening to the thoughts above written on the part of the people whose homes had been contaminated. A newspaper says she has exhausted the supply from the slums. And there is Whitechapel, with its teeming gutters; Seven Dials, with its packed tenements; those weirdly wicked, sodden holes and crevices full of being in human shape, whom one hesitates to credit with souls. Just as many little shadows of starved humanity are there. We must perchance look nearer home for the cause of that advertisement!

I have a note from a lady asking me to tell her what she needs at sea on a voyage from New York to Antwerp. Truly, dear lady, I have gone that gait, and it's a very pleasant one. Being a shivery soul myself, I always think first of warmth; a voluminous fur or eider-down rug to spread on a wide deck-chair and fold over and over, and in which I can snuggle down and sleep, or read, or send out merry badinage from the warmth of my cosy nest. Lots of people suffer more from chill than seasickness, only they don't realize it. To be cosy and warm calms the nerves and is good for the complexion. For deck-wear, a long coat with long cuffs and high collar, to button up snug everywhere and keep out the draughts; a soft hood and, for fine days, a cap or felt hat; warm underwear, midwinter hose and skirts. All these I never fail to take, and I leave it to my captain if I am not as jolly as a sand-boy; though why a sand-boy should monopolize jollity I entirely fail to understand. And do you knit? If so, please take some knitting; it gives you such a cosy look. Everyone knows you are feeling "comfy" and at home, and enjoys you.

Never again will I procrastinate in one particular matter, the paying of the water rate! This day I fortunately remembered the affair when I had both money in my purse and the bill in my pocket; for the last week it has seemed impossible to get them both at once, somehow. You who are business folk know the crowded, dingy door, and the peculiar line of people, gabbling and incoherent women, fussy old gentlemen, part little office boys and crewwork workmen. We were all there. We waited in turn, and after some ten minutes I poked in my liver and remarked, "No hose, please." "Corner wicket, and have it cut off," retorted the busy creature on the other side. So, after having been given the place in the line of a chivalrous workman with a dusty face, I had to march off to another line and wait there. After that, ten minutes more were passed in more or less agreeable prolixity, for one doesn't meet a chivalrous workman every time. I think for a city the size of Toronto the arrangements for raking in the price of bay water might be bettered.

LADY GAY.

WIVES OF THE ORIENT

In Turkey they Virtually Rule the Household—Beautiful and Silent—Egypt's Women Quite as Handsome and more Charming—Western Customs Creeping in—Hindooism makes Husband's Play Second Fiddle in Home Life and Siam is Even Worse.

BY CAROL CROUSE.

O, woman! woman! Thou art formed to bless
The heart of restless man; to chase his care
And charm existence by thy loveliness.
"The proper study of mankind," can be pursued only by reading human books, irrespective of sex. The status of a nation is not controlled by ability of its men alone, but by the influence upon them of its women. I am always watching women, particularly off the beaten lines. Lately it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of a colonel in the English army on leave of absence. He carried credentials as correspondent for two London daily papers, a medal from the Humane Society of France for protecting French citizens in Turkey, and letters from London city officials to prominent Americans.

Colonel Gray (I will call him) had by permission of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, passed nine years teaching military tactics in foreign lands, and was when I met him *en route* to China on a similar mission. He, too, evinced a deep interest in the study of people, and



gave many interesting descriptions of domestic Oriental life. His opportunities for personal observation qualified him to quote knowingly the words:

I do know of this
That therefore are reputed wise
For saying nothing.

"Of all women I ever saw," said he, "Turkish wives have the most influence over their husbands. Yes, I know that is not the general opinion, but, as you said, hasty travelers have not time to get at facts, and often make statements far away from truth. A Turkish wife never chatters. Here is a silent influence. She is seldom merry, but impresses one as being intense, watchful, ready at a moment's notice to meet any emergency. They are very dignified. I never heard of a Turkish woman fainting or having hysterics, but if I knew that one of them hated me I'd leave that country or commit suicide at once. She'd never rest until she had my life."

"Perhaps hysterics, then," said I, "are a safety valve to my countrywomen."
"Probably. Do American girls faint?"
"Not often. Generally after the fuss is over, if at all."

"Different from English women, don't you know. They faint at the first alarm and have hysterics when they awaken. But these Turkish women never give way to outbursts of grief or rage. When angry they lock themselves up, and no one sees them till they are under perfect control. They hide their hatred and wait in silence, years maybe, for opportunity, but never rest until they get revenge. Such qualities command a Turk's respect for his wife, and her beauty enhances his senses. Heavens! How handsome they are! Always dainty to excess, and the rich colors of their dress increase their attractiveness. They are all tall and lithe, but not thin, very supple, with olive complexions and glorious, large, dark brown eyes. Turkish women had baths, perfumes, toilet articles and weekly washing days in common use a hundred years before

country."

"Well, there's Egyptian women. Same stock and appearance, but more intellect and education. For one day or evening the Turkish woman is the better companion. You get her confidence sooner, but for long acquaintance take an Egyptian. She's safer. They, too, accomplish their ends by quiet persistence. Never weaken their forces by scattering small shot, you know, crying and fretting, but march and counter-march until they make a *coup d'état* and capture the enemy, by Jove. Educated Egyptians have done away with many old customs that secluded their women. The upper class go into the streets unveiled and alone, but must never recognize any man in public, not even a husband. Foreigners are rarely admitted into Egyptian homes, but once there they have the privileges accorded visitors in any refined family."

"Until lately if an Egyptian woman unveiled in public, society expected her nearest male relative to kill her. It was not a law but a custom, and if he failed every insult was heaped upon him. Egyptian laws are like some others, made to break, but social usages were inexorable until Englishmen went into that country. English wives went out unveiled and a few native women who had traveled adopted European fashions. Although a man was expected to kill his wife for departing from a custom, if he broke a law she was expected to sacrifice her life for his release from prison."

"Do women there circulate petitions?"

"Bless you, no. A wife goes to the Judge's house, bares her face, neck and arms to the public gaze, throws herself across his door and howls and prays until something happens. He can't pass without stepping over her, and if he does that she has a dagger ready and puts it into her heart. She lies there crying night and day till he steps over her as a sign there is no hope or until a soldier brings a pardon. There is no jury. The Judge acts for himself. If he relents nobody objects. If he sports a new jewel by and by, that's his business, too. The husband is free and, if he can survive the shock of his wife's conduct in the case, she is never seen again outside of her home walls. Otherwise he kills her according to his privilege. Egyptian women have caressing voices, are devoted and witty. They are pretty, where Turkish women are handsome and imperious."

"Of course you find beautiful women everywhere, eh?"

"Yes, beautiful but not clever. In Hindooism now, the women are pretty, very pretty and childlike, but uninteresting, mere dolls. A man can amuse himself playing with them, but as to intellect, they have none. Know nothing of public affairs and have little influence with men. I can't say much about them, for there's nothing to tell. Every one is like every other one, pretty and ignorant. I never passed much time with any Hindooism, for it always exasperated me to see women with such beautiful bodies and so little soul. I can forgive a woman for being a demon if she has sense, but beauty without brains never attracted me."

"My observation is the less women know the more men like them. A brainy woman seldom is popular with men."

"Depends on her looks. Women who know they are clever generally neglect any other charm they may have. Dress badly, try to be mannish, avoid those little sweet ways that men love for not having them. A woman that fails to cherish beauty loses a trick."

"But suppose a case. If a woman is positively ugly, but brainy, how do men regard her?"

"Now you're getting into the abstract with one supposable woman, but I know a nation of all homely women, not a pretty one in the kingdom. In Siam. All a fellow can do is look for one not quite so bad as the rest. In the two royal families they have advantages of luxurious living, some education and rich clothing, but these things only modify their ugliness. They talk passably well, but give a man the gout to look at them, yet they have a mysterious power over their husbands."

"Power! Tell me about that."



English aristocrats knew of such things. Of course no Turkish caste woman ever works. Her duty is to keep herself beautiful, and they pass hours daily in caring for their persons. They are delightful companions when they love a man."

"How about hating a man?"

"Ah, that's the danger of living among them, but there is a bright side, too. Men know their vindictive natures and treat them fairly. The women are not unreasonable or exacting, as one might suppose, and a man generally deserves it when a woman hates him. He may fancy she has overlooked his offence or condoned it, but some dark night he'll find himself in the arms of a dozen big black slaves. Their leader will say: 'This I do for Natoya,' or whatever her name is, and plunge a dagger into his heart with all the sang froid imaginable."

"Whew! Pass on please to some other

"Well, they're short and bony, very strong, big, sawny hands and feet, round heads with coarse features, small black eyes set back under bushy brows, look like dead eyes. The national fashion cuts their hair about one and a half inches long, so it sticks out all over without parting. They look like a cross between a baboon and a shoe brush; they do, 'pon honor. Excuse me, ladies. I forget myself, but it angers me, don't you know, to think of such creatures being women."

"But you mentioned a power. Is it in pretty clothes, then?"

"Hm! Hm! No. You see, Miss, it's hard work to talk of them without profanity. You really must excuse me when I lose control of myself. Clothes! They couldn't look well in anything, even if they had taste. Why, their skins are colored like pie-shop coffee. They wear some rich gowns, but no pretty clothes; everything ugly."

"In what is the mysterious power, then? Education?"

"Only in Buddhist religious works, but they have great natural ability for mathematics. I've seen numbers of them entertain guests by working out problems in algebra and geometry. Music they know nothing about. Never heard one sing, but their speaking voices are rough. Hanged if I understand it, but they rule the men and often marry Englishmen stationed out there or in trade. The surgeon of my post married a high caste native, but not one of us ever saw his wife. She preferred native associates, and their custom forbade him inviting us to his house. In Siam the wife only can bring guests across the door. I well remember the only time that I ever saw him at home. Two years had passed since he married. One day after barrack duty he went home as usual. Something arose that compelled me to see him, so I went to call. The house was like all in that hot country, a low bamboo cottage, very wide doors and windows, all open, and piazzas all around. Owing to excessive heat all business is suspended in midday, so no one expects visitors. A lawn around the house prevented sound of my approach. I stopped outside astonished. Taking his sleats on a square stretched hammock lay our surgeon, stripped to the skin except for a native-made grass cloth around his loins. A servant who saw me roused my man, and he motioned me to wait on the porch. He came out in a dressing-gown, explaining that to keep peace with his wife he had to adopt the native loin cloth when at home. After hearing my errand he dressed, and on our way to barracks he begged me not to speak of his attire among our fellow-officers. Under his wife's thumb completely."

"If he had married an English woman perhaps he would have had her polish his boots."

"I dare say. Some do, I've heard. My wife is a German woman, so I don't know, really. Do American women mind their husbands' clothes?"

"Yes, 'mind' and mend clothes, but draw the line after buttons. Siamese men have no use for buttons on costumes you describe."

"No, indeed. Those women are so ugly I never was with them enough to find the secret arsenal, but a Siamese wife is absolute owner and ruler of her home. The house or anything in it cannot be sold or moved by her husband or his creditors. If he wants individual property he must maintain bachelor quarters elsewhere. If he does not conform to her wishes in the house she can divorce him, keeping the property. Outside he may do what he likes; inside he must do as she likes. Mamma, bachelor cousins and thirteen maiden aunts may come for a nice long visit, but he can't bring a chum to dine without her leave. Every monarch in Asia fears the Queen of Burmah. She rules only through the King, but courtiers and people know her power. She's not a bad ruler either, but homely as the rest of them."

"Have you been in China?"

"Yes, on sick leave last summer. Made this



engagement then to teach in the Chinese army so as to get out of Burmah. I can stand a beastly climate, treacherous men, and all privations of an uncivilized country, but one must have women fit to look at, you know."

"Then you admire Chinese women?"
"Now, how did you know that? Very clever you American girls are. Yes, they are negatively pretty, a sort of doll-like prettiness. Idiotic though, idiotic, but taken young are affectionate, teachable and quick to adopt new manners. They are a positive relief after Siam. They are very attentive to their husbands, who often beat them unmercifully. If she complains to a local officer the man says: 'She disobeyed me.' That settles it. He gets off with a reprimand or light fine. Chinamen are tyrannical husbands, but when they go to farther India they get retribution. They are shopkeepers there, control small trade, and with an eye to getting solid with the people, generally wed Siamese women. John may have a wife at home that he banged about *ad lib.*, but now he gets his match. The Siamese woman takes his shop, puts a basket on his back and sends him peddling. She keeps strict account, and if he knocks down tuppence she gives him a beating that would rejoice his Chinese wife."

"Siam is threaded with canals. All towns are built on them or rivers for transportation. In Mandalay numbers of canals branch off from Irrawaddy River to interior towns. Mandalay is called 'City of Blessed Rivers.' In place of street cars or hacks are row boats. They come to your doorstep and carry you wherever you want to go. Sometimes you row past a dead Chinaman floating along. His head looks as if broken in on one side by a piece of iron, but you don't say anything. He's been cheating his wife on basket returns and she found him out."

"Some white men should have Chinese wives."

"Ah, just so. Not Americans though, eh?"
"American women are so independent I can't fancy them being tyrannized. I was in New York thirty days, and in Washington a fortnight, and saw women out alone at all hours.

They seem fearless. How can they be tyrannized?"

"Perhaps because they love the tyrant—or have done so and dread gossip of separation."

"Did you ever drive a nag quite alone, Miss?"

"Yes, indeed. I have been accustomed to driving from childhood. Once I drove a four-horse stage coach twenty-five miles through the mountains across the Oregon-California State line."

"Well done! Well done! If all four of those beasts had taken it into their heads to run, could you have stopped them?"

"Of course not, but they were all—"

"Beg pardon, there's the point. Those beasts walked because they thought they had to. Any horse could kick a cart to splinters, run off and have things his own way, if he knew it. No man could hold a horse that realized its own strength. Yankee women are like horses. If they have courage to kick, they can demoralize the driver, but they don't know it. Don't realize their strength through laws and public opinion. Why, bless you, lady, there's nothing on earth so cowardly as a man who tyrannizes. If a woman is right and has the law on her side, too, he knows it, and she can conquer him in twenty minutes by copying the horse."

"That will be a new idea to my countrywomen."

"Will it now? Wonderful country this—wonderful. My wife joins me in China, as my commission extends only eighteen months. We must return here and study this continent. American women have the reputation of leading the world in education and I want to compare them with the Orient."

"Is it your observation that women of intellect have superior influence with men?"

"No. By intellect you mean education. A woman cannot acquire education without intellect, but she may have intellect and remain ignorant. Oriental women gain influence by native ability, you might say by inherent executive ability. They have no education."

"Education, then, is not necessary to power?"

"Not in the Orient. It may be in this country. That is a point I want to determine by comparison."

Time will, I hope, give Colonel Gray opportunity to study my countrywomen as thoroughly as he has those of the Orient. We invite his comparison.

A Great Literary Find.

The Bacon cipher business grows apace. The cause espoused by Ignatius Donnelly in America does not lack advocates in England. A lady recently brought out a book in which she contended that Bacon was a Freemason and the plays ascribed to Shakespeare were brought out under the auspices of the secret society. A writer in the *Pall Mall Budget* has taken the matter up and declares that Bacon was also the author of Box and Cox, that well known farce. He says that no doubt the Freemasons have further of Bacon's manuscripts which they will publish from century to century. He asserts that there is reason to believe that Box was meant for Bacon and Cox for the poet Chapman, and that the lady represents Queen Elizabeth, the patron of both. He points out the significant circumstance that among all the various kinds of meat which Box could have had for breakfast he chose one, and that one a slice of Bacon; and Cox, too, a slice of Bacon. If any unprejudiced person can still doubt the authorship of this classic farce, the writer produces his trump card. On the original print of the farce its title was printed thus:

BOX
AND
COX

"Now," he says, "read the letters from top to bottom and from left to right and you get BACON OXDX." There, has not Bacon actually signed it? As for the last four letters, they seem to mean nothing, but it is not possible that to those high up in Masonry those letters are as intelligible as Roman numerals, perhaps indicating the very year in which Bacon desired the followers of Solomon and Hiram Abiff to put the manuscript in print!

The man who schemed this out has irretrievably turned the laugh on the Bacon cipher business.

About Fanny Elliser.

In 1847 Fanny Elliser, the celebrated dancer, visited Rome and created an immense sensation, particularly among the dukes of the Eternal City. Some of these dukes who were much "gone" on the danseuse and who had money to throw at the birds, clubbed together to have a golden crown made, which they proposed to present to the cavorting Fanny, if she had no objection, which she had not.

The price of the crown was twelve thousand lire. Some of these dukes who were so lavish with their leers, belonged to the local Y. M. C. A., and resolved to obtain permission of the Holy Father before committing this piece of extravagance. Plus IX, replied, smiling:

"O, give her the crown. As far as I am concerned I do not perceive any danger to the country in your doing so; but there is a feature of the programme which strikes me as peculiar. I always thought that crowns were meant for the head and not for the feet."

A Telephone With "Sofys" in it.

A well-to-do but unsophisticated farmer from one of the border counties was in London lately and brought with him his wife and daughters to see the sights and do some shopping. Among other places they visited the draper's, and, after wandering around for a while, the party came to a stop near the elevator.

One of the daughters was the first to discover the elevators moving silently up and down, receiving and discharging their cargoes of passengers. She pulled her father's coat sleeve, and in a tone that was audible to the clerks in the neighborhood asked:

"What's that, paw—that thing going up and down with sofys in it?"

The old man gave the elevator a long, calm, scrutinizing stare, and exclaimed:

"True as you live, it's a telephone! The first I ever see!"—*London Figaro.*

Short Stories Retold.

James Payn tells of a whist-player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceedingly and applied to his partner for a refutation of it; but he was only still more irritated by his form of corroboration, "that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever."

On a tiresome night march, a Florida soldier, sleepy and worn out, fell into a ditch by the roadside. There he lay bemoaning his fate when the next regiment came up, and, hearing his moans, some of the men hastened to his rescue. As they stood him on his feet, he dragged and demoralized, he turned to one of them and said: "I say, stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"

In Spain it is the ambition of grandees to unite in themselves as many grandeeships as possible by marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grandee, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked as usual, "Quien es?" (who is there?), replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribero Guzman Pimental Oario Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Accora Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Boxas, Velasco Man—" "In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "go with God. There is not room for half of you."

Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and, in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine and remarked, "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and weighty manner, answered, "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the Constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

During the short time that the late Lord Bowen went on circuit he was once tempted to sum up ironically. It was the case of a burglar who had been caught *flagrante delicto*, having entered from the roof and taken the precaution to leave his boots on top. His defence was that he was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on the roofs of houses, and that he was tempted by curiosity to descend and have a look at one of the interiors. Lord Bowen treated the defence very seriously. "If, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "you think it probable that the prisoner considered the roofs of houses a salubrious place for an evening walk; if you suppose that the temptation to inspect the interior of the houses beneath him was the outcome of a natural and pardonable curiosity, in that case, of course, you will acquit him and regard him as a thoughtful and considerate man, who would naturally remove his boots before entering the house, and take every precaution not to disturb his neighbors." To the judge's amazement, the jury took him at his word and promptly acquitted the prisoner.

Appropos of the Queen's seventy-fifth birthday a story may be given from Joinville's reminiscences. Shortly after the Queen's marriage to Prince Albert, they paid a visit to old Louis Philippe and the Orleans family at their castle of En in Normandy. The Queen having suddenly expressed one afternoon her desire to see the coffin of the Emperor Napoleon I., which had just come from St. Helena, the carriages were ordered on the spot, but when the cortege arrived at the door of the Invalides, it was already dark, and the general commandant of the place, who was taken by surprise, had to send for torches, and took the Queen, leaning on the arm of the King, through a long corridor, at the end of which the coffin had been temporarily deposited. By mere chance the organist of the chapel happened to be there, and in his desire to please the young Majesty, he started suddenly a slow and grand God Save the Queen. "The Queen, I have been told," says Joinville, "was visibly upset; she blushed painfully, and some tears glittered and trembled at the end of her eyelashes. It was evident that she could scarcely refrain from crying, and that she thought the whole affair too cynical indeed; her lively imagination representing her in this weirdly lighted vault, the spirit of Napoleon I., the enemy of her race, hovering about the chapel in rage and disgust."

Many good stories are told of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, who is described as having been in his time the Edgar Allan Poe of Paris. He was very down-at-the-heel, yet imperious. When Drumont brought out his work *La France Juive*, with its sledge hammer assault upon the Jews of Paris, the people of Israel decided that some answer must be made. Villiers de L'Isle Adam was mentioned as the best man to do the thing effectively, being possessed of the genius and in such poor circumstances that he could not refuse reasonable offers. A nice little, glossy, well-combed Jew was sent to call upon Villiers and found him in the direst poverty, in a big, bare, dark, cold room. With an exaggerated show of respect the messenger of the Synagogue explained its desire, concluding by saying that there could be no bargaining with a writer of such distinction, and that the Comte Villiers de L'Isle Adam had but to name his own price. Then he waited for his answer, Villiers having sat silently rolling a cigarette in his white fingers. When the nervous Jew had ceased speaking, Villiers raised his head and fixing on him his clear blue eyes, filled now with sudden flame, he answered in a ringing voice, "My price, sir? It has not altered since the days of our Saviour! Thirty pieces of silver!" Then rising and wrapping around him his tattered old dressing-gown, he opened the door and said, "Begone, sir!"

A curious anecdote is related concerning General Meerscheidt Hülsemann, who commanded the Corps of the Prussian Guards. This general was of a proverbial frankness, and was the only officer who dared to raise any objec-

tion to William II., when the latter, after each manoeuvre which he had attended, criticised very minutely the different movements of the troops. The young monarch, who was very fond of the general, was in no way offended at his contradictions. Among other things the Emperor always reproached the general with being too excited when any unforeseen movement occurred. The general always replied in pretty strong terms to these criticisms, and there often followed between him and his sovereign scenes which were a great delight to those who witnessed them, and which invariably finished by the general tendering his resignation, which the Emperor always obstinately refused to accept. One day, after some manoeuvres, the two antagonists met at a reception. General Meerscheidt Hülsemann was watching the dancers, and at the same time talking to some other officers. The Emperor approached him from behind, and patting him familiarly on the shoulder said: "Excellency, you ought to marry again; when one gets married, one gets less excited and agitated." The general only smiled, but the Emperor continued, "Well, why do you not reply?" "Sire," replied the general, "I am too old for that. A young wife and a young Emperor would really be too much for me!" at which William laughed heartily.

Try Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs.

Gowns for Public Functions.

It is the transient beauty of *tulle* which has captivated our fickle fancy for the moment. All the prettiest bonnets and gowns are trimmed with this dainty stuff. A delightful dance-dress of Chartreuse-green brocade has white *tulle* and violets festooned round the edge of the skirt. The full short sleeves are of white, and a garniture similar to that on the skirt trims the top of the low bodice. Another new dress is of black silk, with a train of lilac-colored velvet, having a *moire antique* effect, and is ruched round the hem with black *tulle*. A bunch of lilac decorates one shoulder and the entire front of the dress is trimmed with prismatic sequins. Eton jackets are still being worn, only this season they are made of *moire antique* instead of serge. A new model is of putty-colored faced cloth—putty color, by the way, seems to be a popular shade at present—*moire antique* Eton jacket to match, and a waistcoat of sapphire-blue velvet covered with coarse cream *guipure*, and completed by a belt and collar of velvet. A pretty black *crepon* dress, with the same style of jacket in black *moire antique*, had a waistcoat of accordion-kilted black *chiffon*, brightened by a cherry velvet collar. Whatever exaggeration there may be about the fashions, it is a picturesque exaggeration with which one doesn't feel the slightest inclination to find fault. Our sleeves are probably even more immense than they were a year ago, but they are really so becoming.



ing that it is difficult to imagine our ever being able to tolerate small ones again. Basque bodices are almost obsolete; they had a short run. The prettiest dresses are finished with a sash tied at the side—though, mind you, a sash is not becoming to every figure. One of the handsomest gowns at a fashionable wedding recently was of black *moire antique*, with narrow vertical stripes of white, and a bodice of which I won't attempt to give a detailed description, chiefly composed of black *chiffon* and *ceru guipure*, brightened by a dash of vivid pink. This color exactly matched the handkerchief or so of roses which formed the bonnet. The gown had a broadish black silk sash, tied at the side. The wearer was a good-looking dark woman of about forty-five, with just the becoming amount of *embonpoint* suited to her age. A simple and attractive gown worn by a

daughter of this lady was of pale gray *crepon*, with some soft folds of creamy white *chiffon* down the front of the bodice, and a cream satin frill—just below the collar—edged with lace. The hat was of cream chip, trimmed with cream feathers and pink roses. It was turned up rather picturesquely in front, and a couple of roses rested on the wearer's fringe. *Crepon* is delightful stuff of which it seems impossible one could tire. This season it will probably be worn more than any other material. We can't all afford to walk in silk attire and pay one hundred dollars for a *moire antique* Park gown. Not that my soul hankers after anything of the sort, for *moire* is beginning to pall on me. The daintiest *crepons* are of the lightest possible substance, striped with colored silk lines. The *crepons* that are delicately shot are rather attractive. In order of popularity grenadine comes next to *crepon* for dressy dresses, and there is as much variety in this material as there is in *crepon*. A very pretty frock, of which I long to possess a duplicate, is of accordion-pleated black grenadine, over rustling silk, with a sash of black satin ribbon tied at the back.

Things that the *chic* girl would never dream of wearing: Hygienic undergarments of "natural undyed wool," silk gloves, a *chiffon* jabot, a tweed gown with zalloon or gimp trim-



ming, boots with cloth tops, a plush tea-gown, a crocheted wool shawl at the theater in place of a cloak, a ribbon round her throat in the evening, a stringless bonnet, a velvet walking gown.

In describing the gowns at a recent art view a London paper thus takes in a celebrity's costume: "Her white garment, picked out with black, was simply astounding! It was not exactly a tea-gown, or a dressing-gown, or a pelisse, or a nightdress; but looked as if all those four garments had been hastily cut up and patched together to make a loose Princess robe with a long train, so hastily that the seams had an insecurity about their appearance, as if the stitches might give way at any moment. And the last eighteen inches of the train had contracted such an amount of dust that its latter end was distinctly black instead of white; a perambulating collection of dust and microbes. To crown this wonderful toilette a tall, wide, black hat, surmounted by black plumes that for height would have looked well on a large-sized hearse, covered her head."

One of the most becoming waistcoats I have seen—the waistcoat is a very important factor in dress this season—was of cream satin, with a cascade of heavy coffee-colored lace down the front, and a collar of black satin, finished at the back with a good-sized bow. As regards the best dressmakers, *moire* may be said to have had its day. The place it held a couple of months ago seems now to be occupied by *chine* silk. A most entrancing evening gown was of pale blue *glace* silk, strewn with faded roses, shading from pink to dull heliotrope. Though the neck was low, the sleeves were long. They were most picturesque, and what an artist would call paintable. From wrist to elbow they wrinkled like a glove, but from the elbow to the shoulder they were full and a good deal puffed. The bodice of this gown was singularly graceful. It had a fichu of old lace round the top, tied in a bow on the bust, one end being fastened at the left side of the waist with a paste brooch. The belt of this gown was of heliotrope velvet. Now is the time to bring out your old paste ornaments, if you possess any. You can wear them on your hat, your gown or your shoes. Another pretty evening gown was of white *chine* silk, patterned with black lines and pink rosebuds and forget-me-nots, also forming stripes. This had the swathed style of bodice, with only pink ribbon rosettes on the shoulders by way of trimming. The front of the skirt was trimmed on each side with three-inch-wide pink ribbons, carried from the waist to the hem, where they were finished with rosettes of their own material. A charming race dress, which also had a swathed bodice, was of white, striped with

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!

DOES YOUR WIFE

DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

ACETO-CURA

FOR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, RHEUMATISM

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am, yours truly, J. HENDERSON, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Pamphlet Free on Application to COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto



WYETH'S MALE EXTRACT
Doctors highly recommend it
WHO ARE RUN DOWN
WHO HAVE LOST APPETITE
WHO HAVE DIFFICULTY AFTER EATING
WHO SUFFER FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

green gauze and spotted with black. The collar and belt of this were of black satin.

LA MODE.



Lo Bengula—Do you know that the bearded lady died last night?
Young man—Afraid of the soap—Yes, I heard about it. It's awful sad. She left a wife and three children.

Have you tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

The Mate—Was that the owner of the yacht that you were speaking of just now?

The Captain—Yes.

The Mate—Did he come here to see if we had fixed her up ship-shape or not?

The Captain—No; he came down to ask if the liquors and other stores had been sent aboard.—*New York Press.*

Miss Hubbell (of Boston, as the hall goes over the fence and Delahanty makes a home run)—Now, what do they call that?

Her Racort—A homer.

Miss Hubbell (delighted)—Homer! Homer! Why, this game can't be so awfully vulgar, when they name one of the points after the greatest poet that ever lived!

Laura—I can't imagine what's the matter with poor little Mr. Skimcoe to-night. He hasn't stirred from his seat since he came in.

Hostess—Oh, Laura, don't refer to it; it's too awful!

Laura—Is he really ill, then?

Hostess—Ill? No; I left my chewing-gum on the chair and forgot all about it.—*Judge.*

Tramp (at farm kitchen door)—Madam, do you happen to have a two-dollar bill about you that you could loan me for a few moments?

Mrs. Hay—No, I haven't!

Tramp—Very well, ma'am; any other denomination will do as well. I wanted to use it to clean my gold eye-glasses. Opticians say—(Door bangs).—*Judge.*

Tommy—Paw, what does vice versa mean?

Mr. Flax—Why—er—horse and horse.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Regy—Anything unusual happen while I was out, James?

His man James—Yes, sir; your tailor didn't call.—*Truth.*

"I say, Penilworth, you know that ten I owe you!"

"Yes."

"You haven't got it about you again, have you?"

As the "up express" dashes through the station:

"Oh! Mr. Porter, doesn't that train stop here?"

"No, mum, it don't even hesitate."—*The Sketch.*

Unwritten Law in the Best Society

For Dinners, House Parties, Afternoon Receptions and Five o'Clocks, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is

Chocolat-Menier?

Only Vanilla Chocolate of highest grade, is manufactured by MENIER—Beneficial even for the most delicate.

Can be taken just before retiring.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER
ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 25 MILLION POUNDS

If he hasn't it on only send his name and your address to MENIER, Canadian Branch, No. 14 St. John St., Montreal, Que.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD REA
53 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO



LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

For the treatment of Inebriety, Opium Habit and Nervous Diseases. Bumble Chloride of Gold System. The best equipped and most delightfully situated health resort within 100 miles of Toronto. Complete privacy if desired. Lake houses. For full information apply Room 25, Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, or The Medical Superintendent, Oakville, Ont.

Wanted—A Husband.

The following "personal" might have been seen all that summer on the fourth page of a prominent journal:

WANTED—A young lady residing in the province, pretty and distinguished, with a dot of three hundred thousand francs, desires to marry a gentleman of about thirty-five years, one in the military or legal profession preferred, who resides in Paris. No agencies. Address: M. T. T., box 333, this office.

Not every statement in the above advertisement was strictly true. Elodie Raboteau, the party referred to, was a young lady to be sure, and is so still, more's the pity. She also resides in the country still, for her father is a judge at Saint Colomban, an obscure town in the canton of Beauce.

But, between ourselves: First, she was not pretty; second, she was not at all distinguished; third, the above-mentioned three hundred thousand francs are principally expectations from her uncle—a bachelor, it is true, but scarcely forty years of age and solid as a rock.

As to the "No agencies," that was a base deception. "M. T. T., box 333," was in reality Theodore Tardivel, whose trade it was to arrange matrimonial bargains. But he had recognized the fact that certain clients have an insurmountable prejudice against matrimonial agencies. There are people who would not for the world get into a hackney-coach on account of the license number on the lamps; for them the "club carriage" has been invented—it costs more, it is just as dirty, and it goes no quicker, but it does not display a license number—"No agencies," Tardivel conducts all his business by correspondence.

Tardivel has written me a long letter," said Judge Raboteau to his wife, one morning last autumn. "Here is his plan: the army manoeuvres commence a week from now, and Saint Colomban has been designated to provide quarters for a half-battery of artillery. The half-battery is commanded by Captain Lecomte, and Captain Lecomte wishes to marry a young lady who has been brought up in the country. Now don't think of anything but making the house look its best. To-morrow you must take Elodie to Chateaudun and have a new gown made for her. At the same time you can send a man out to tune the piano. We must have a second girl, too, so that the cook will not have to wait on the table."

"Goodness!" gasped Mme. Raboteau, "what an expense!"

"I do not deny that it is quite a considerable outlay. But do you or do you not want Elodie married? She's twenty-six now, and for the past eight years we have offered her to every bachelor, green or ripe, in the country round, to say nothing of widowers. Now a chance offers itself, and we must profit by it. So, old lady, you must bestir yourself. I shall go and fix it with the Mayor so that they quarter the captain on us."

When the first of September came, cannon sounded all the morning long through the vast plain that surrounds Saint Colomban, and, toward four o'clock in the afternoon, the approach of the half-battery was announced.

Presently the captain appeared at the white-washed gate that served as boundary for Judge Raboteau's terrestrial paradise. The *mise en scene* had been arranged beforehand: Raboteau, under the spreading acacia trees, was reading the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; his wife, not far away, was cutting bunches of grapes from the yellowing trellis; and behind the white muslin curtains of the parlor window, Elodie, warned by a preconcerted signal, burst with the energy of despair into a love-song.

At the sound of the horse's shoes clattering on the paved walk, the judge put down his review and his wife abandoned her grapes. The captain stood before them, cap in hand. "Madame," he began, with a bow, "allow me to introduce myself. I am—"

"You are known to us already, M. Lecomte. We were expecting you."

The officer bowed, and smiled, and shook hands with Raboteau. Then he was led to the parlor, to the great confusion of Elodie, who suddenly cut short her song, blushing as if she had been a hundred miles from suspecting that an artillery captain was to set foot, that day, within the limits of the canton in which her father administered justice.

The captain discreetly suggested that he would take his meals at the hotel, but they soon made him understand that that would be an unpardonable insult.

"You must share our modest fare," Mme. Raboteau told him; "we shall not break an egg the more for you."

It is unnecessary to say that the dinner was a feast. By dessert, the four persons assembled seemed to have known each other for ten years, and the captain made a conquest of them all.

At ten o'clock he asked permission to retire. "Of course, dear M. Lecomte," said Mme. Raboteau. "After such a fatiguing journey, I hope you will sleep well under our modest roof."

In the privacy of the nuptial chamber the husband and wife exchanged their impressions. "It's just a dream!" the lady declared. "He has such an air of breeding and such perfect manners! Not the least bit like a noisy soldier. And I'm sure the man must have a fortune. He gave forty sous to the constable who showed him the way to the house."

"There is nothing in that, my dear. One can see he is a graduate of the Polytechnic School. They are gentlemen—sober, serious, well behaved. Did you notice that he had the good taste not to make the least allusion to his matrimonial intentions?"

In the morning, at four o'clock, when the captain went down to mount his horse, the judge was waiting for him to take breakfast. That evening there was new repetition of the follies of Balthazar. Lecomte politely asked the fair Elodie to play for him, then in his turn the young man was invited to sing. He accepted without hesitation, and he had a superb voice. Next he played one of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words with undeniable talent. Elodie's father and mother were in ecstasies. As to the girl herself, she could feel wings gently sprouting on her shoulders.

A couple of days later, Raboteau discreetly brought up the subject of officers marrying and pretended to deny it. Lecomte smiled significantly, and politely opposed his host's theories. He added that, during the war, the married officers had performed their duty better, if possible, than the others.

That night not a member of the family slept a wink, Elodie least of all.

"Well, it ought to go through this time," Mme. Raboteau declared to her husband, "for, according to my calculations, this week has cost us at least four hundred francs."

"You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs," the judge replied sentimentally. He had written to Tardivel:

"Lecomte is charming. He suits us to a T. Is it necessary to give him a hint?"

And Tardivel had replied:

"Pretend to know nothing about it. When he comes back, I will see him. I will manage the whole affair."

However, the last day of the manoeuvres had come. That evening, the Raboteau kitchen was nervous for a supreme effort, destined, to all appearances, to be crowned with success. But, alas! at the accustomed hour the captain's horse was brought back to the stable by his orderly. Elodie, who was watching for the return of her future husband—they called him so already among themselves—from behind her blinds, flew to the garden and cried out in anguish:

"Merciful heavens! Is he wounded?"

"No, mademoiselle," replied the orderly with a peculiar smile. "The captain's health is in statu quo. But you'd better tell your papa not to keep the soup waiting for him."

"Isn't he coming to dinner?"

"No, mademoiselle, he is going to have dinner at the White Horse Inn, and will sleep there afterward. I am to fetch his things, as soon as I have unsaddled the mare."

Pale as a sheet, Elodie ran to inform her mother.

"Goodness!" cried the latter, "what a pity! That goose cost eight francs! But what is the matter? Shall we ask his orderly?"

"We shall do nothing of the sort, my dear," replied the judge. "Thanks to the influence of discipline and the guard-house, these military servants will do anything for their masters. You would learn nothing, and you might spoil everything, perhaps. To-morrow I shall make enquiries."

The dinner of the trio was most melancholy. Bright and early the next day, Raboteau sought out the landlord of the White Horse, who was much flurried by the presence of a dozen officers of all grades.

"Can you tell me," the judge asked, "if the artillery captain who was quartered at my house—"

"He is in No. 8, Judge. The captain is still in his room, for the manoeuvres ended last night. Excuse me if I do not take you up myself; I am just rushed to death."

Raboteau ascended the stairs and strode down the long corridor, on which opened several white doors, all alike except for the large numerals painted on them in black. He was just in the act of knocking at that which bore the figure eight, when suddenly he recoiled as if he had seen a tiger crouching on the mat. However, it was not a tiger that he had seen. It was, by the side of a pair of top-boots, still armed with spurs, a little pair of bottines, lined with rose-colored satin; dainty, elegant, impertinent bottines; bottines of which one would say without fear of being mistaken: "The foot of a pretty woman was in that not long ago."

Yes; but, for the time being, the pretty woman was—somewhere else. Unhappy Elodie! Poor Mme. Raboteau! Fool of a Tardivel! Shameless monster of a Lecomte!

At that moment the key was heard to turn in the door of No. 8. The door was seen to open timidly, just the least crack. First a hand emerged, very small and very white, the hand that belonged to those bottines. Then the wrist appeared, round and slender, with a pretty bracelet. Then a plump arm, which grew longer and longer—Raboteau had never in his life seen such an arm as that, and, if the other were like it, as all experience would indicate, this scoundrel of a Lecomte was a very lucky scoundrel indeed.

However, the arm, the wrist, the hand, and the bottines retreated in good order. The door was closed, and the judge stood there, feeling very foolish; but there was nothing for him to do but to go back to his own house.

"Well!" simultaneously cried the two women, who were waiting for him on the way. "That Lecomte is a scoundrel," he said between his teeth. "Go to your room, Elodie, I have something to say to your mother."

Then Raboteau, with shining eyes—from anger, no doubt—recounted to his better half what he had seen.

"Oh!" gasped the good lady, "the idea of such a scandal! This is a pretty example for Saint Colomban! What ever shall we tell Elodie! Poor child, she really liked the monster! And a pretty fellow is your Tardivel. That reminds me, a letter has just come from him by special courier."

On the table, indeed, the judge found this missive:

"I don't understand this at all. You pretend to have Lecomte there with you. But he writes me that he has broken his leg, and that one of his comrades has taken his place in the manoeuvres. Pray send me some word of explanation."

"This is too much!" cried Elodie's mother. "I called him M. Lecomte all the time, and he never denied the name. If I were you, I would write to the Minister of War about it."

"I shall think it over," Raboteau said. "It is a grave matter to have an officer court-martialed on account of a young man's escapade. Besides, he will not leave, I imagine, without coming to say good-bye, and then we shall see." Surely enough, that afternoon the false Lecomte knocked on the gate. But—climax of impudence! on his arm was a young and very pretty woman—doubtless the lady of the bottines.

"Justine!" cried Mme. Raboteau, "do not open the gate! Tell those persons we are not at home." Then turning to her husband she added, "Why are you not choking with indignation! Can you stand unmoved in the face of such an insult! If I were a man, M. Raboteau, matters would look very different."

"But, my dear, I am a magistrate, I am sixty-seven years of age, and the manipulation of arms is an unknown art to me."

At that moment Justine returned, carrying a card on which was inscribed:

Le Comte de Prebois,
Capitaine d'Artillerie.

Beneath was written in pencil:
"A thousand regrets and a thousand excuses"

WHY
DON'T YOU
BUY YOUR

GAS FIXTURES

While they are cheap? We will furnish you with the most artistic designs at the lowest prices.

FRED ARMSTRONG,
277 Queen St. West.

for having missed your company last evening. Mme. de Prebois came down and took me by surprise, and did not wish to seem inconsiderate by increasing the trouble my presence had caused you. It would have afforded her great pleasure to make the acquaintance of your wife and daughter. Allow me to express my sincere gratitude for your excellent hospitality."

"I understand now," Mme. Raboteau declared at last, with a profoundly discouraged sigh, after she had read the card through, "why he did not object when we called him 'Monsieur le comte.' Poor Elodie! She always was unlucky."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Leon de Tineau by L. S. Vassault.

Have you tried Derby King Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

Baptiste—You do not seem to brush your master's trousers every day?
Jean—Mais, non, he carries the change in his waistcoat-pocket.—Paris Journal pour Rire.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:
"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

"My dear young woman, it is well known that intellectual women are not good-looking." "And how would you classify me?" "Why, you are not at all intellectual." "Oh, you flatterer!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Jones—Why on earth did you let your daughter learn the piano?
Smith—Well, you see, she didn't know what to do with her hands.—Vienna Dorfbarbier.

Acetocura is the most simple, yet effectual, remedy for many complaints. Rev. Alex. Gillray, College street Presbyterian church, Toronto, says that it cures colds, sore throat and indigestion.

Mrs. Fashion—We women are much more enterprising than you men.
Her Husband—Quite true. You often manage to buy more in an hour than we can pay for in a year.—Munich Fliegende Blätter.

Judge—Well, doctor, what is the condition of the burglar's victim?
Doctor—One of his wounds is absolutely fatal, but the other two are not dangerous, and can be healed.—Fliegende Blätter.

A lady will sometimes spend hours selecting dress goods. She is not desirous of giving trouble at all. But there are conflicting claims. There are considerations of durability, of texture, of draping. Priestley's dress fabrics have reached a niche in the popular esteem when conflict ceases to vex. It is enough to get Priestley's black dress goods to feel confident that you have the best. They wear better than any other make.

Father (to dramatic manager)—You have heard the very best of my son. What role do you think he ought to study?
Manager—Auctioneer, sir.—Berlin Ullk.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trails in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Magistrate—If you were there for no dishonest purpose why were you in your stocking feet?
Burglar—I heard there was sickness in the family, your worship.—Pearson's Weekly.

English Opinion.

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

He—They met at the seaside. Then commenced an acquaintance that would soon have ripened into love. But—
She—But what?
He—They married.—Vogue.

Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets

Will be sold by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on May 31st and May 29th, 1894, from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, and points beyond at practically one fare for the round trip. Excursion tickets will be good for return passage thirty days from date of sale, but are good for passage only on dates of sale.
For further particulars apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

Edith—I thought you and Mabel were fast friends.
Nellie—We used to be.
"And you are not now?"
No.
"What was his name?"—New York Weekly.

Try Derby King Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs.

Not After the Ball - -
But After Your Trade

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

67 to 71 Adelaide St. West

PHONE 1127

BRANCHES—93, 729 and 434 Yonge Street

Also 1860 Queen West and 724 Queen East



TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY

106 York Street, near King

HOUSEHOLD LIST

Table Napkins, 1c. each; Table Cloths, 4c. each; Sheets, 3c. each; Pillow Slips, 2c. each; Towels, 1c. each; Roller Towels, 2c. each; Spreads, 10c. each; Toilet Covers, 5c. each.

NOTICE—Not less than 30 pieces will be received at the above rates.

A HIGH CLASS 5 CENT CIGAR.
COSTS THE RETAILER 4 CENTS EACH.

"People don't die very often over here do they?" enquired the smart New Yorker. "No, only once," replied the Philadelphian. And there was an intense silence.—Philadelphia Record.

Muggins—Do you believe it is unlucky to have thirteen at table? Buggin (who has had callers at dinner time)—Yes! If you've only made preparations for two.—Philadelphia Record.

Dusty Reagan—Hully gee, Ike! what's de matter now?
Itinerant Ike (wrapped in bandages)—I probably have de hardest luck of any man livin'. Hadn't had a bite to eat fer four days when I was run over by a pie-wagon.—Judge.

Do You Cough?

It is a sure sign of weakness.
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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head.

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 50 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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Music.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written concerning the Massey Music Hall I feel convinced that the thousands whose attendance assured at the five concerts of the Festival on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 14, 15 and 16, will be surprised at its magnificence. It is without doubt the finest concert hall in the Dominion, modern in its equipment, perfect in its appointments, elegant in its interior decorations, will seat fully thirty-six hundred people, and costs, including the land upon which it stands, upwards of \$150,000. Thus, through the munificence and public spirit of Mr. H. A. Massey, a want which has been felt for more than twenty years past has been supplied. With such a hall I confidently expect that Toronto will become more than ever a city of conventions and great public gatherings, and in this way, as well as in the advancement of music in our midst, will prove a special boon to our citizens. The Festival, which promises to be a great success, will appropriately open with performance of the Messiah on Thursday evening. On Friday afternoon a miscellaneous concert will be given, followed in the evening by Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise and Arthur E. Fisher's cantata, The Wreck of the Hesperus, the latter conducted by the composer. On Saturday afternoon the leading feature will be choruses by one thousand school children, under the direction of Mr. A. T. Cringan, the Festival closing with a miscellaneous concert on Saturday evening. The soloists, who are the best obtainable in America, are: Emma Juch and Lillian Blauvelt, sopranos; Mrs. Carl Alve, contralto; W. H. Rieger, tenor; Dr. Carl E. Duff, baritone; Arthur Friedheim, pianist; the Detroit Philharmonic Club, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornet soloist. Mr. F. H. Torrington, the veteran conductor, is musical director of the Festival, the business management being in the hands of an executive committee, of which Mr. Andrew Darling is chairman, and Mr. D. E. Cameron and Mr. I. E. Suckling respectively secretary and assistant secretary. The chorus numbers five hundred carefully selected voices, and the orchestra seventy-five instruments, including a majority of Toronto's best known professionals, reinforced by a number of leading players from Detroit and Buffalo. Mr. Torrington pronounces the chorus the best he has ever conducted, and confidently expects the orchestra to reach a standard of excellence not hitherto surpassed by any local body of players. His Excellency the Governor General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and His Worship Mayor Kennedy will be present on the opening night to witness the ceremony of dedication. In order to enable all classes of citizens to attend the Festival the prices have been arranged on a popular basis, ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

Prior to his departure for England, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the widely known and successful Canadian tenor, sang at a farewell concert in Brantford. A large audience was present, including many of the foremost citizens of that charming place. An attractive programme was presented and the enthusiastic reception accorded Mr. Mockridge should long remain a pleasurable recollection of his last public appearance in his native land. The assisting artists were Miss Lily Houlding, contralto, and Mrs. Philip Hart and Mrs. Mockridge, pianists. Brantford papers speak glowing and enthusiastic terms of the artistic excellence of the concert. The Hon. A. S. Hardy in announcing the programme spoke as follows concerning Mr. Mockridge: "We are here this evening not only to participate in a musical event, but to recognize and pay a tribute of regard to the character and talents of one whom we can call, in part at least, a fellow townsman—Mr. Whitney Mockridge—not merely a fellow townsman in part, but wholly a fellow Canadian, one who by his talents, accomplishments and abilities of a very high order, has made himself a great Canadian. The man who by his talents brings himself to a very foremost place in his calling or profession, and acquires a continental reputation, has undoubtedly elements of greatness about him whether his calling or profession be divinity, medicine, engineering, commerce, agriculture or music. I am speaking strictly within the limits of sobriety when I say that the name of Mr. Mockridge is perhaps as widely known in the provinces of the Dominion and the states of the union, taken together, as that of any living Canadian. He has covered his own name and that of his family with honor, and to day stands easily, not only the first of Canadian tenors, but in the very front rank of the great tenors of the entire continent. We wish him as brilliant a career upon the old continent as he has had in the new. There are not many Americans or Canadians who can take successfully the final step of graduation in music from this continent to Europe." The programme of the evening was made the more interesting by the fact that it contained a new song, Fear Thou Not, composed by one of Brantford's talented citizens, Mrs. Philip Hart, and which had not yet been sung in public.

The pupils of Miss Maud Gordon, one of the most energetic and successful teachers of the piano at the Conservatory of Music, were heard in a recital at the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening of last week before an audience which completely filled that spacious and comfortable recital chamber. The manner in which the various numbers were performed reflected most creditably upon the talent of those taking part, and furnished convincing proof of the care which had been bestowed upon them by their instructress. The programme contained compositions by Gounod, Nevin, Gottschalk, Godard, Liszt, Pauer, Schubert, Saran, Raff, Chaminade, Chopin, Grieg, Taubert and Moszkowski. Following is a list of pupils taking part: Misses B. Cowan, Dora McGill, Evelyn Cameron, Annie Shepherd, Sarah Bradley, Katie D. Ryan, Jessie F. Caswall, Nora Weeks, Etta Wallace, Maggie V. Milne, Ida I. Smith, Mamie Russell and Helen Codd. Miss Gordon was assisted in the programme by Miss Lillian Rankin and Emma Mackenzie, vocal pupils respectively of Madame d'Auria and Miss Denboth of whom sang with excellent effect. A violin solo by Master Willie Anderson, Mr.

Bayley's talented pupil, was also admirably rendered.

At a concert recently given at Orangeville Mrs. George McIntyre (nee Miss Catharine Strong), who several years ago was deservedly a popular vocalist throughout Ontario, took part in a well arranged programme and sang with admirable finish Rossini's Una Voce Poco Fa, from the Barber of Seville, and Tosti's Good-Bye. Mrs. McIntyre was most enthusiastically received and frequently encored. Miss Maggie Marshall, pianiste, who also took part in the performance, played with much intelligence Mendelssohn's Spinnerel and an arrangement of airs from Norma.

The choir of Beverley street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. J. W. McNally, produced Farmer's sacred oratorio, Christ and His Soldiers, at the church on Tuesday evening of last week. The assisting soloists were: Miss Maggie Huston, soprano; Miss Flint, contralto; Messrs. W. A. Putland and Robert Gorrie, tenors; and Mr. F. T. Verrall, bass. The choruses were rendered with commendable finish and good effect generally, the attacks being prompt and the expression very praiseworthy. Mr. McNally is entitled to much credit for the good work he is doing in constantly improving the standard of his choir. Under his direction this organization has become one of the most efficient in the western part of the city. The oratorio produced last week is a work making no small demands upon a chorus. It is divided into two parts, illustrating respectively The Life of Christ and The Life of the Christian, the music at all times being impressive and appropriate to the text. Particularly gratifying was the excellence of the solo singing, which was very effective throughout, all the soloists acquitting themselves very creditably. An address by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hooper, was also a feature of the evening's entertainment. A pipe organ is urgently needed by the congregation worshipping in Beverley street church. With a competent and respected organist and an excellent choir, this necessary adjunct to a successful musical service is not likely to be long withheld.

A piano recital by advanced pupils of Mr. H. M. Field was given at the College of Music on Tuesday evening of last week. The event, as might have been expected, attracted a large audience, who were enthusiastic in their expressions of delight concerning the excellence of the performance. The recital introduced such well known and talented performers as Miss Topping, Mrs. Lee, Miss Mara and Miss Birnie. Miss Topping took part in Gade's Trio, op. 42, for piano and strings, and played as solo numbers Chopin's Variations in B flat, op. 12, and Liszt's difficult Campanella Etude. The last named selection served as an illustration of the remarkable progress made by this young lady during the past season. Mrs. Lee contributed Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, Liszt's Au lac du Wallenstein and Raff's Rigodon, playing with her accustomed brilliancy and artistic finish. Miss Mara was enthusiastically encored on her splendid performance of Chopin's Nocturne in F and Liszt's Sonnet et Petrarca, her interpretation of which was characterized by a remarkably rich and musical tone and true musical sentiment. Miss Mara also took part in Beethoven's Sonata in F for piano and violin. Miss Birnie was heard to good advantage in the Habener studies, op. 53, displaying a facile technique and good musical comprehension. The programme was varied by vocal solos by Miss Ella Roman and Mr. H. C. Johnston, and a cello solo by Mr. Charles Russell, pupil of Herr Ruth. The artistic manner in which these additional numbers were interpreted added in no small degree to the enjoyment of the occasion. Herren Klingensfeld and Ruth played respectively the violin and cello parts in the ensemble numbers in their usual skilful manner.

A London exchange thus speaks of Herr Mottl, the celebrated Bayreuth conductor, who recently directed a concert in the world's metropolis: "Felix Mottl, (born at Vienna in 1856, pupil of the famous conservatoire of that great musical center; and since 1880 director of the Carlsruhe opera; which he has raised to the first rank) is one of the very few conductors who know how to electrify their instrumentalists, as well as the audience, with the most legitimate means. The air itself seems charged with electricity. He has the 'authority,' simplicity of method, repose, clearness of beat of Hans Richter, with perhaps an extra dose of youthful fire and 'go.' The performance was an artistic achievement which stands out in bold relief above the level of our ordinary concert experience—a triumph for Herr Mottl (who received ovation after ovation) as well as the band (the London Symphony Orchestra), which showed what it could do under such a lead."

Dr. Mackenzie, the eminent English musician, speaks as follows concerning the question of plagiarism in the works of musical composers: "People are irritatingly fond of drawing comparisons between the works of composers if there happen to be a few notes in a piece that faintly resemble part of another. Hunting for plagiarisms is the result of little understanding. In literature one will find repetition after repetition of stock phrases; and in poetry, whole lines, or even entire sentences, seem to be common property. Yet in music if a single phrase be repeated, a musician is accused of being unoriginal. When one considers that the whole of music is founded on but twelve sounds, the difficulties of original composition will be better understood."

Mr. B. J. Lang, the eminent Boston pianoforte pedagogue, in a recent lecture on Cause and Effect in Piano Playing advanced the opinion that the peculiar mechanism of the piano action gave the player no control over the hammers, excepting to produce tones of greater or less force, and that as a consequence all the so-called "tone shading" by means of touch was an illusion. He claimed further that the player's only control of musical expression, excepting as regards a loud or soft tone, lay in the manner of taking the finger from the keys, or in using the damper pedal. Mr. Lang's statements have been productive of considerable discussion, pro and con, among American pianists of note, including such

well known musicians as Carl Faellon, Arthur Foote, W. H. Sherwood, J. H. Hahn, Constantin Sternberg and others, all of whom have given their opinions in writing to the editor of a leading monthly musical magazine. Mr. Sternberg's statements are so sensibly and tersely put as to deserve reproduction in part. He says: "I know that there is a scientific side to music, but I do not think it should concern the artist at all. Leave science to the scientist and art to the artist. . . . In the past when the greatest pianists arose, analysis of touch, etc., was never carried to the absurd degree to which it is carried nowadays, and the great pianists who arose in our times have hardly ever indulged in such alembic investigations. . . . I see no reason why one should try to analyze the charm of touch and resemble the man in the theater who explains every stage effect to his lady and thereby totally destroys the illusion and her amusement. Analysis will never find a substitute for talent."

Mr. H. W. Webster's College of Music vocal pupils will give a recital in St. George's Hall on Friday evening, June 3. Mr. Webster will personally take part in a trio and the pupils will be further assisted by Miss Topping, pianist, and Herr Klingensfeld violinist. An admirable programme is being arranged for the occasion.

The Trinity Festival of the Toronto Church Choirs' Association was held in St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday night last. An immense congregation crowded into the sacred edifice, the event exciting widespread interest. A chorus of between four and five hundred voices responded to the baton of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the organist's position being filled by Mr. E. W. Phillips. The singing of the chorus was characterized by a rich volume of sound, good balance of tone, excellent intonation and praiseworthy regard for expression. Particularly inspiring was the effect of the chorus singing in Gounod's fine anthem, Send out Thy Light, and in Woodward's Magnificat in E flat. The admirable chanting of the Psalms was also a feature of the service. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Mockridge, whose remarks bore special reference to the value of instrumental and vocal music in the service of the church. The offertory was for the benefit of the funds of the association.

Prospects are very favorable for a most successful inaugural concert by the Toronto Male Chorus Club in the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening next. The club numbering about fifty voices, among whom are some of our most prominent male soloists, has been trained to a high degree of proficiency by their conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and good results may confidently be expected of them on the occasion of their public debut. An attractive and varied selection of choruses has been chosen, including compositions by Lamotte, Abt, Macy, Buck, Anderson and Wollenhaupt. The assisting artists, Miss Mary Howe, Miss Anna Senka, (Suzie Ryan) and Mr. W. Lavin are so well and favorably known in Toronto that comment as to their artistic qualifications as vocalists would be superfluous. The large list of subscribers who have enrolled themselves is tangible proof of the popularity of the soloists, and also of the warm interest which is being felt in the first appearance of Toronto's latest musical organization.

The Anglo-Canadian Publishing Co. will publish about June 10 a pretty song entitled My Little Irish Love. The words are by Mr. Henry A. Blackey and the music, which is a tuneful and sweet, is by Mr. Charles R. Palmer. It has already been sung on several occasions and is likely to become popular.

Miss Florence Brimson, the well known soprano, who has been studying at the New York College of Music, has returned home for the summer.

Extenuating Circumstances.

"You are accused of snatching a handful of small change from the till of a grocery store on Third avenue," said Justice Welde to a colored prisoner.

"Yes, yer honor, I knows I did, but when a man am hungry, and hain't had nuffin ter eat for more den two days, he am desperit an' crazy, an' he doan keer what he does."

"But it appears that at the time you stole the change you had a five-dollar bill in your pocket."

"Dat am so, but I didn't want ter bust a five-dollar bill. As soon as you bust a five-dollar bill hit melts right away."

No Telling.

"Do you consider him a man of veracity?"

"Hey?"

"I say do you consider him a man of veracity?"

"Well, there's no telling what he might do if he was mad and had a gun."

He Didn't.

Wife—Why, dear, you don't play poker, do you?

Husband (sadly)—Those who ought to know say that I don't.—*New York Morning Journal*

She Would Face Even That.

He (after a tiff)—Going home to your mother, eh?

She—Yes, I am.

"Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?"

A Fable of Two Brothers.

A certain man was hanged, and he died. And he left two sons, honest men.

Now one of the sons was a blacksmith. But the other became a physician.

And after that their father had been taken from them, these brothers made their homes in other lands.

And the blacksmith would have prospered. But it befell that one asked him how his father had end, and the blacksmith, looking angrily upon him, answered: "He was hung." For the blacksmith was an honest man.

ing, men gathered and hanged the blacksmith, saying: "This man must take after his father." So the blacksmith did take after his father; but whether he caught up with him the tale telleth not.

And at the same time, in his own city, one enquired of the physician by what means his father died. And the physician covered his face and wept.

But whilst he wept he considered, saying within himself: "If I say 'he was hanged,' then shall I shock this man and give him pain; and if my office to relieve pain. Nevertheless, I must tell the truth."

He said, therefore: "My father died of heart failure." And again he wept, the questioner weeping with him.

Then, this being told, men said: "Doubtless, since his father died of heart failure, this good physician and loving son hath made study of kindred diseases." So they resorted unto him.

And the physician became a specialist. And he looked at them who came and coughed once and sneezed twice and demanded \$10. And they gave gladly. For the physician was an honest man.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Allen, nee Miss Edith Slaght of London, have returned home. Mrs. Allen will receive the first Wednesday and Thursday in June, at 48 Sussex avenue.

Miss Maude Beatty leaves for England today. I hear Miss Beatty intends studying music in Germany, and all who have enjoyed her delightful playing will look for news of her great success in the conservatory of Leipzig, which is, I am told, to be her chosen residence during her studies.

Mrs. McArthur of St. George street gave a Queen's birthday dinner party.

Captain and Mrs. Miles of Queen's Park entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Creelman gave a large tea on Wednesday at her residence in the Queen's Park.

The engagement of Mr. F. R. Bailey of Cockburn, Ont., and Miss Kate McRae of Church street is announced, to be followed by their speedy marriage. The date of the ceremony will be some day this month.

Mrs. George Allan Arthurs of Ravenswood has given a couple of Wednesday dinners this and last week for her race guests, and on Queen's birthday Miss Arthurs had a theater party to see Willard.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. J. Gee of Jarvis street has returned from Le Roy, N. Y., where she had been called by the illness and death of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Shallow.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler also had a dinner party in mid-week. In fact, Wednesday evening saw no less than half a dozen smart functions of this description in different quarters of the city.

Mrs. E. W. Syer of Chicago is in town visiting Mrs. H. R. Hardy and making arrangements for her menage at Niagara.

Miss McGowan of Orangeville, who has been staying with Mrs. Lount of Kemeagarough for a fortnight, returned home on Thursday.

Here in June.

Jebb, optical specialist, at The J. E. Ellis Co.'s, 3 King street east, June 4 till 7. Consultation and examination of the eye and sight free.

Italian Statues by Auction.

There will be offered for sale by Messrs. Dickson & Townsend on June 4 and 5 at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. a valuable stock of fine Italian statues by artists of the modern Florentine school, also a choice selection of Italian, Majolica, Venetian and Bohemian glass.

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

GRAND REPRODUCTION OF THE

Midway

Plaisance

Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

IN THE

NEW DRILL HALL

For One Week, June 4 to 9

All the scenes of the celebrated Midway, magnificent pastimes, and reproductions of the principal nationalities of the world, with costumes, habits, industries, amusements, etc., etc., reproduced at an immense cost. The Streets of Cairo, Moorish Palace, Great Congress of Europe, the Turkish, Dahmryan, Irish, German, Japanese, Japanese and Indian Villages, Old Vienna, the Ferris Wheel, etc., etc., with their respective places of amusement and no less than 1000 performances. The greatest attraction ever brought to Toronto.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

THE beautiful month of June has come again, and with its approach comes the assurance that summer is at hand with all of its inspiring grandeur and vegetable beauty. June is indeed a month to be appreciated because of its general beauty and inspiration. Then, too, it usually brings the necessity for change of raiment, as the warm weather is rapidly approaching, so that humanity is willing to lay aside the outer garments and dress in those appropriate to warm weather. Having just received a fine line of light summer tweeds and flannels suitable for the approaching weather, would ask my patrons and the public generally to call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere. The workmanship and ability to give an opinion in dress can be had from the Fashionable Tailoring Establishment of

HENRY A. TAYLOR,

No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

Every Careful Housekeeper

Should secure a copy of our complete Illustrated Price List and Catalogue for the following reasons:

1. It gives in convenient form a complete list of everything that is desirable in the grocery line.

2. It quotes the lowest cash price for all varieties of high grade groceries.

3. It gives considerable information about the manufacture of goods and how they should be prepared.

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COVERS THE EARTH.

John Taylor & Co. TORONTO.

These baths are the best in Canada, being equal to any on this continent. Recommended for Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Imperfect Circulation, Liver and Kidney Complaints, and being a positive cure for La Grippe. These baths are highly recommended by the medical profession. Full particulars furnished at the above address.

THOMAS T. COOK, Proprietor.

GO TO W. L. WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

If you want the newest styles of

BOOTS AND SHOES

He is showing the latest Black with white trimmings, also the latest in Tan for Gents, Ladies and Children. He is showing the finest assortment in the city of new goods in Canadian and American manufacture.

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ELEGANT NEW LINES OF Tan Boots and Shoes

New shapes, lovely shades, all the novelties in spring footwear, at

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THE J. D. KING CO., Limited.

Sensible Summer Wear

Summer Shoes for the country.

Summer Shoes for the lake.

Summer Shoes for town wear.

Summer Shoes for everywhere.

Tan Shoes, Canvas Shoes, Kid Shoes

Light, cool and strongly made.

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Variety

TORONTO'S GREAT CARPET HOUSE.

The notable advantage, apparent to all visitors here, is that in the selection of carpets they have the choice of not only all the new patterns shown everywhere, but also an additional large number of new patterns which are shown nowhere else. It is the very complete and unusually large variety—not only in styles and grades of carpets but also in prices—which gives this house a special distinction not shared by any other carpet concern in Toronto. We have carpets as low as 20 cents per yard, and the prices range from that to \$3 per yard, and some of the patterns in our 20-cent grades are the carpets usually offered elsewhere at 35 or 40 cents. As the largest importers of carpets, we are always able to quote lowest prices.

FOSTER & PENDER

TORONTO'S GREAT CARPET HOUSE, 14 & 16 KING STREET EAST

Strawberry Island

... Lake Simcoe

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

This popular Summer Resort is now being put in readiness for the coming season.

Having the benefit of last year's experience the manager is prepared to offer greater attractions than ever to guests and tourists, and can guarantee the comfort of all who may come to the island. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent, and the bathing is unsurpassed and quite safe for children. The camping grounds are the finest and most convenient to be found about Lake Simcoe. Camping parties can be supplied with outfit complete; fishing tackle and small boats to be procured right on the spot.

Families desiring furnished cottages for the season can be accommodated. One feature of the resort is the fine fruit and vegetables raised in our gardens on the island and supplied to the hotel.

Our own line of steamers run daily from Orillia, connecting with trains from Toronto and other points.

For terms and all information apply to

PETER MCINTYRE, General Agent, Rossin House Block, Toronto.

JOHN KENNEDY, Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

Or to—

THE PENETANGUISHENE

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

Canada's Great Summer Resort

OPEN JUNE 11

Under New Management.

Fishing, Boating and Basking unequalled. Fine lawns for Tennis, Croquet, Bowling, etc. Excellent Outlets. Pure Spring Water. House re-fitted with electric lights, etc.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

THE PARK SIDE INN AND FAMILY HOTEL, directly opposite Queen Victoria Park, NIAGARA FALLS, Canada side. F. DeLacy, Proprietor. Magnificent view of both Canadian and American Falls from the verandahs. Open summer and winter. Electric railway and street cars connecting with the Grand Trunk within 100 yards of house. Rates, \$1 to \$2 per day. Telephone and Bells.

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Art Serges...

IN ALL THE NEW COLORS:

Gold Tabac

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MODES

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TORONTO

Lake View House

JACKSON'S POINT, LAKE SIMCOE

WILL BE

READY FOR GUESTS JUNE 15

Train leaves Toronto 4.35 p.m., arriving within five minutes' walk of house at 7.30 p.m. Leaving about 7 a.m., arrives in Toronto 9.55 a.m. daily.

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MUSKOKA, ONT.

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Lak Cecabee, the "Killarney" of Canada

Accessible daily by steamer. A quiet spot for the summer months. Good Boating, Fishing, Basking, etc. Terms moderate.

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DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist

Cor. College and Yonge Streets; Tel. 4905

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

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Oddfellows' Building, Cor. Yonge & College Sts.

Office Hours: 9 to 6.

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DENTISTS

Offices, Suite 32 "The Forum," Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

Hours, 9 to 5.

Telephone 1225.

DR. HAROLD CLARK

DENTIST

45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.

MEDICAL.

Dr. J. J. Gee

Consultation Hours—11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.

TELEPHONE 154

335 Jarvis St., Cor. Gerrard.

Address—

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homoeopathist

326-328 Jarvis Street

Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women.

Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

DR. G. STERLING RYERSON, L.R.C.S.E.

60 College Street, Toronto

Consultation Hours—9 to 2.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,

EYE AND EAR SURGEON

137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis.

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LIMITED

103 & 110 King St. West

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FREE ART SCHOOL

Send for Prospectus.

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MISS EDITH HEMMING

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Premos, \$12 to \$30

Night Hawk, \$6.50

Send for New Catalogue.

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YOUR FRIENDS

will know you patronize the Leading Photographer.

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Sunbaths, 6 for 25c; Panels, 6 for 50c; Diamonds, 6 for 50c. Lantern Slides made to order. Bromide enlargements. Crayons. Printing for amateurs. Out-door Views. Commercial Photography.

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Public Accountant and Auditor

Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1641

COMPARED WITH THE FIGURES OF THE PRECEDING YEAR'S BUSINESS

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

Manufacturers' Life Insurance Comp'y

SHOWS THE FOLLOWING:

New Business issued.....\$2,420,310

(Increase over 1902).....407,960

Gross Cash Income.....327,540

(Increase over 1902).....45,555

Assets 31st December, 1903.....675,788

(Increase over 1902).....137,671

Surplus on Policyholders' Accounts.....194,536

(Increase over 1902).....36,922

Showing a total increase in force at 1st January, 1904, of nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.

GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.

JOHN F. ELLIS, Managing Director.

GEO. A. STERLING, Secretary.

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Heintzman & Co's
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BABY
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DO you know the Heintzman Baby Grand Piano? It is known to leading citizens of all parts of Canada. All commend it. If in want of a genuinely high-grade Piano, the Baby Grand is sure to please.

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OUR Pelee Island Wines are the best in the market. No wines shipped less than two years old. Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for our St. Augustine and Catawba Wines, and see that you get them.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO., Brantford, Ont.
Sole General and Export Agents

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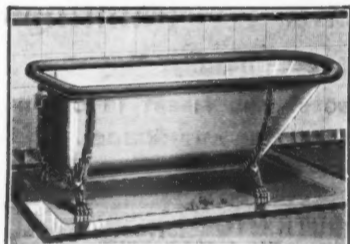
The only natural mineral water now supplied to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, under Royal Warrant.

Professor WANKLYN, of London, Eng., states: "I have analyzed the Godes-Berger water, and find that it is exquisitely pure. Its saline ingredients are normal, just those required to form an excellent table water."

For sale by all first-class Hotels, Wine Merchants, Restaurants and Druggists.

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Clad
Baths**



Handsome, Sanitary, Durable

The...
Toronto Steel-Clad Bath & Metal Co.

Limited
A. G. BOOTH, Manager
123 Queen St. East, Toronto, Can.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday evening a very jolly theater party was given by Hon. Lyman Jones to a dozen friends. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Roff of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. MacFie of London, Eng., and Mr. Don Armour. After the play the party had supper at the Queen's.

The Misses Rosemond and Hattie Craig, of Rochester, N.Y., are the guests of Mrs. Croft, Rosedale.

Mr. Theo. S. Chatterton spent a few days last week at Mr. W. H. Gooderham's, Trinity street.

Mrs. Campbell of the Queen's Park gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday.

The Athletic Club shareholders have their annual meeting on Monday next. The meeting of the members takes place on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. Ivens of Ontario street is on a visit to Rev. R. A. and Mrs. Bliley of Bowmanville.

Mrs. C. E. Holmes and Miss Cameron left last Saturday for Montreal, where they took the steamer for Liverpool. Mr. Holmes accompanied them to Quebec.

Mr. R. Harvey and family have removed to Kew Beach for the summer months.

Press of work and the derangement of the holiday drove from my memory the announcement of the engagement of Miss Amy Ince and Mr. Leroy F. Whittier. I have now to inform their friends of their wedding, which took place at New Britain on Sunday last. Mr. Whittier is a young man of excellent parts, and a connection of that shining literary light, J. G. Whittier, whose poetic genius has rendered his name immortal. Mr. L. F. Whittier's talent runs in another direction, being histrionic

The Latest

New Suits



OUR Millinery and Costume Buyer has just returned from New York, and we are now prepared to show the very latest novelties and the choicest prevailing styles in these goods.

HATS

Fancy Lace and Straw in a variety of styles—the New Sailor, with large crown, Fedora, &c.

SUITS

New styles in Duck and Drill in White, Porcelain blue and tans, at \$4.50 to \$8; Serge, \$9.50 to \$15; Covert Cloth, \$12, \$15 to \$25.

WAISTCOATS

In Duck, Figue and Marseilles, White, Tan and Fancies, \$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50.

**SUITS, &c.
TO ORDER**

Open fronted Jackets and Tailor-made Suits to order—Tweeds, Serges and Coverts, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$25—the very newest styles.

WE INVITE YOU TO SEE THESE NOVELTIES

R. WALKER & SONS

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Dress Suit Cases...

In Alligator and Sole Leather, Tan, Russet, Olive and Chestnut colors.

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We are making a specialty of cleaning and pressing gentlemen's pants. Telephone 1990. We will send for them and return them looking like new.

We can save you the price of a new pair time and again.

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Flying daily between Toronto, Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines, leaving Toronto 8:40 p.m., arriving Port Dalhousie 5:45, St. Catharines, 6:45 p.m. Returning leaves St. Catharines 6:00 a.m., Port Dalhousie 8:45 a.m., arriving in Toronto at 11 a.m.
The popular Wednesday and Saturday 2 p.m. trips up the Old Welland Canal commence July 16. After July 1 a seven hour's outing to Wilson Park on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, leaving Toronto at 11 a.m., returning 6 p.m. Family book tickets at all principal Hotels and Ticket Offices. Forty trips \$8; 20 trips \$5. For further information apply to W. N. HARRIS, Garden City Office, Geddes' Wharf, east side.

**Niagara River Line
SINGLE TRIPS**

Commencing, Monday, May 14
Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge Street Wharf, east side, at 7 a.m., for

NIAGARA, QUEENSTON & LEWISTON
Connecting with New York Central, Michigan Central Railways and P.E. Electric Railway.
Tickets at principal offices. JOHN FOY, Manager.

**NIAGARA FALLS LINE
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Empress of India

Daily at 7:40 a.m. and 8:30 p.m., from city wharf, foot of Yonge street (west side), for

**St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo
Rochester, New York**

and all points east and south. This is the only steamer connecting with railway at Port Dalhousie. Family books for sale, 40 trips for \$5. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

**New York Boston, Rochester,
Philadelphia**
And all points East and South.

SS. CARMONA

Leaves Yonge Street Wharf (west side) daily at 10 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Saturdays at 11 p.m., for all ports East via Charleston and Rochester.
Close connection with all railroads.

CHEAPEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE.
Tickets at all agencies, also on Dock and Boat.

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Manufacturers of High Class Pianos.

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FOR
Camping, Cruising
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**COFFEE
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ALWAYS
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OF

Fine Italian Statues

By Artists of the Modern Florentine School. Also
a Choice Selection of

Italian, Majolica, Venetian,
Bohemian Glass, &c.

Messrs. Dickson & Townsend have been instructed by the
Proprietor to sell without reserve the whole of the above
valuable stock on

Monday and Tuesday, June 4 and 5

At 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., at

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**Clean Your
...Carpets**

Our Hydraulic Carpet Cleaner is doing excellent work. We have cleaned hundreds this spring, and all customers are more than pleased. Send us word; we will have them taken away and returned thoroughly cleaned any day that suits you.

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RATES—\$1.50 per month for 10 lbs. daily; each additional 5 lbs. only costs 10 per day extra. (The only company in the city who have cut and have in stock nothing but pure ice for domestic purposes). Office, 30 Scott St.; Telephone 217; Ice House and Shipping Depot, 5108.

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Some of the new goods,
suitable for

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HUNGARIAN Fern Pots, Fruit Trays, &c.
BOHEMIAN Rhine Wines, Claret Sets, &c.

**Rich Cut Glass
Banquet Lamps**

JUNOR & IRVING 49 King St. East
Telephone 2177

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

FAHEY—May 26, Mrs. W. M. Fahey—a son.
THOMSON—May 30, Mrs. G. O. Thomson—a son.
COLMAN—May 20, Mrs. E. C. Colman—a daughter.

Marriages.

KENNEDY—AUSTIN—At Bronte, May 24, David Kennedy, Jr., to Florence Ethel Austin.
DUCK—RO—May 28, W. B. Duck to Clara Ross.
WHITTIER—IRICE—At New Britain, Conn., May 27, Leroy Francis Whittier to Amy Georgina Irice.

Deaths.

COX—May 30, William Cox, aged 22.
McWHINNEY—May 30, Ellen M. McWhinney aged 82.
TROTTER—May 23, Albert J. Trotter, aged 37.
BARWICK—May 25, Henry Barwick.
BUCHAN—May 26, Flora Buchanan.
BOAKE—May 26, Hannah Amelia Boake.
MILES—May 26, William Miles, aged 50.
McKENRY—May 25, Maggie McKendry.
MCVITT—May 28, Arthur E. McVitt, aged 24.
WOPF—May 28, Marianne Elizabeth Wopf.

BOWMAN—May 27, Sarah Bowman, aged 66.
BEADLEY—May 26, George H. Beadley, an infant.
HUDSON—May 28, Richard A. Hudson, aged 47.
MCUTCHEON—May 21, W. J. McCutcheon, aged 54.
CLINDINNING—May 29, Jane Rose Clindinning, aged 78.
DENT—May 27, Joseph Dent, aged 30.
WILLSON—May 23, May Sarah Louise Willson.
TURNBULL—Hamilton, May 24, William Turnbull aged 79.

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TOURS WHEREVER DESIRED
Throughout America, British Isles and European Continent, by any route required. Personally conducted or independent tours as passengers may elect. COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE, Agency Different Trans-Atlantic Lines from Canada and United States to British Isles and European Continent and Mediterranean direct. Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and Southern Lines, together with every system of transportation in any part of the globe. 73 Yonge St., Toronto.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO.'S LINES

AMERICAN LINE
For Southampton, shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.
Paris, June 6, 7 a.m. New York, June 20, 7 a.m.
Chester, June 13, 6 p.m. Paris, June 27, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

FOR ANTWERP
Westernland, Wednesday, June 6, 7:30 a.m.
Nordland, Wednesday, June 13, 7:30 a.m.

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SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON & CONTINENT

New York to Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

Fast Express Fastmail Steamers

EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.

Direct Route to Southern France, Italy

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Early reservation is absolutely necessary in order to secure accommodation.

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TRUE

TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE

IS THE

CANADIAN

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The Only Through Canadian Line

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PACIFIC

COAST

NO CHANGES NO TRANSFERS

THROUGH TOURIST CAR LEAVES

TORONTO EVERY FRIDAY

AT 10:15 P.M. DIRECT TO

SEATTLE WITHOUT CHANGE

Apply to Any Agent of the Company

Watson's Mexican

Sweet Chocolate

is absolutely pure, nothing whatever

being added but sugar and flavor.

For icing cakes or making a cup of

Good Chocolate it has no equal. Put

up in 5 cent tablets. Try it.

TO PIANO PLAYERS.

Spring Clearing Sale of

PIANOS

At Reduced

Prices

Messrs. A. & S. NORDHEIMER offer at much reduced prices for this month a large number of superior Upright and Cabinet Grand Pianos of their own MANUFACTURE, recently returned from hire during the winter months, many of which are as good as new. Also a number of splendid second-hand Pianos by Steinway, Chickering, Haines, Gable, etc. ALL AT GREAT REDUCTIONS FROM REGULAR PRICES.

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